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BABY ANIMALS

GEORGIA M. McNALLY



YOUNG MASTER TIGER MEETS
THE BLACK BEAR CUB.

BABY ANIMALS

BY
GEORGIA M. McNALLY

WITH FOREWORD BY
WILLIAM T. HORNADAY

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

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DEDICATED TO
ROBERT HOBART DAVIS

To you, my literary friend and adviser, I am indebted for the title of this work. You are known as a kindly friend of our wild creatures of the woods—one sympathetically interested in their psychology, rights and protection. To you, therefore, I dedicate
“BABY ANIMALS”

FOREWORD

I believe that every normal human child is born with a natural love for wild animals, and a desire to know them intimately. That this universal instinct sometimes is suppressed, and its tendrils often reach out in vain for something to which to cling, is not the fault of human nature, but environment. It is because of that pathetic desire to know the beautiful wild creatures of the world that we have zoological parks and gardens.

The child or the adult who grows up, lives, and dies without having had a chance to become personally acquainted with a lot of interesting wild animals, loses much out of life.

All healthy children are interested in animals, but most of all are they interested in young animals. Naturally, also, it is the wild babies that appeal most strongly to the great universal motherhood instinct in woman, both tame and wild. I once knew personally a black bear cub

that was literally nursed in the depths of a snowy Maine forest by a human foster mother, along with a human foster sister; and both were happy ever after.

If a woman can not write of jungle babies sympathetically and understandingly, who can? With Miss McNally, the love for wild animals and their offspring is no passing fancy, nor a fad of a day or an hour. It is good to know how the little four-handed and four-footed folk impress a perfectly normal, genuine and old-fashioned American girl. It is no cause for wonder that her acquaintance with wild animals should have created a desire to set forth their babies, in word and picture, for the pleasure of others.

Let us hope that old-fashioned human and humane interest in our living wild animals never will die, and that our love for young animals never will grow old. The better we know wild animals in life, the less we will feel like reducing them to a state of death,—and of minimum interest!

WILLIAM T. HORNADAY

PREFACE

I was prompted by my love for wild animals to write this book.

Among my wild pets was one—a lion cub—who was so near and dear to me, that because of the love I bore him, I gained a clearer insight into the lives of other animals.

He was a woolly little rascal just a week old when I first saw him. I took him in my arms and snuggled him against my breast and kissed his round baby face freckled with black spots. He liked the caress and kissed back in his clumsy baby way. We loved each other from the first and became great friends. We played together every day and I took him little play-things that I thought would amuse him. He was so intensely interested in everything that was new to him. Whether it was a new ball to roll or some animal he had not seen before, or a little child, it was all the same to “Pompey”—they were most important and must be carefully studied.

He wanted to make friends with everybody and everything from the huge hulking hippo down to a stray bull pup. They were alive and lovable and the little fellow did his best to show his appreciation. A ball of twine sent him into ecstasies. He would roll over and over, cuffing the twine ball until he was completely and hopelessly entangled. Then he would whine plaintively, begging to be helped. After I had released him he would run back and forth and do all his cute little tricks to show his gratitude.

I had a gold topped hand bag that Pompey especially liked, and it was always an issue between us to whom that bag rightfully belonged, him or me. We'd have a tug of war every day with that bag. His milk teeth grew rapidly and once he got a grip on the bag, it was all I could do to hold my own with him. Once he got it and ran round and round holding his head proudly as much as to say: "There you see, I beat you to it." I succeeded in regaining the bag by strategy. However, Pompey forgave me. He held my hand between his big paws and licked it long and caressingly. I smoothed his

furry head and talked softly to him. He watched me closely as you sometimes see a dog look into the eyes of his master while he is speaking, as though he understood every word.

One day I found the little fellow sick. I looked at him stretched out before me and realised for the first time that my little roly-poly pet had grown into a long, lean, lanky, young lion.

We had been such close friends I hadn't noticed the great change until I saw him under different conditions. I won't linger over the tragedy. One morning we found him cold and stiff lying in his hammock and a little sparrow chirping on the window sill beside him. His dear spirit had gone back to God that gave it and I was alone with my dead. Sometimes I take from the drawer a handbag worn and rusty from which half the beads are gone, with the golden clasps bitten and bent. The twilight playtime comes back to me and I see a tawny little lion playing tug o' war with me. The tears rush to my eyes as I lay it gently away and through the mist I see his kingly little head

lifted proudly as much as to say, "There! You see I beat you to it!"

I was born and lived on the Frontier during my childhood. Neighbours were scarce, and children were scarcer, so I sought the wild kindred for a playmate.

Wild animals were abundant, and I soon found companions among the wild Rocky Mountain goats and smaller creatures. I can't remember the time when I didn't love them. Wild animals have always seemed intensely human to me. I am in sympathy with their struggles for existence, their fears, their sorrows and their loves. Little baby animals are intensely human and appealing. Helpless little bundles of Love they are to me.

They are so interested in the many things that impress themselves upon their consciousness. The wind moaning through the pines fills them with fear and trembling and they anxiously seek the shelter of their mother's warm comforting presence and mew questioningly while she soothes their fears with kisses and caresses. Her babies are very dear to the wild mother; so

precious, in truth, that she will gladly give her own life if need be for their protection. Could a human mother do more? She's a tender and patient teacher, this wild mother; her little ones must be taught self-protection, a knowledge of wood craft and forest lore, who are enemies and who are friends.

The hunted creatures develop a marvellous sagacity for detecting signs and scents and prove in many ways that experience and careful training stands them in better stead than instinct. Animals are gifted with natural endowments the same as human beings are—no two animals are mentally equal. Consequently the brighter ones are apt to enjoy longer life and a greater degree of prosperity than their more stupid brothers. Some excel in thrift, others in cunning, great speed, endurance, foresight, a highly developed organism for sensing things, the ability to plan, to execute, command, serve and obey. Such are the things they have in common with us.

In writing this book I have tried to be true to the last detail. This work is not fiction. It

is a true account of my observations, experiments and studies, and the knowledge and authentic reports of recognised natural scientists.

I desire to acknowledge my indebtedness and gratitude to Dr. William T. Hornaday, and his associates of the New York Zoological Society, for valuable assistance rendered in the writing of this book. If I had lacked the opportunity to study the animals at close range and under many varying conditions, "Baby Animals" could not have been written.

I am further indebted to the American Museum of Natural History for much courtesy and valuable assistance in the compilation of this work. The British Zoological Society was drawn upon for valuable information and photographs. Central Park gave generously of material and opportunity for studying the young animals.

G. M. McN.

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CHAPTER I
BABY BEAVERS



CHAPTER I

BABY BEAVERS

THE baby Beaver is the miracle of the whole animal world. He is the only youngster I know of who has a natural desire for hard work. This unusual little fellow is industrious from the time he gets control of his muscles. While he is as full of fun as a young chipmunk, the habits of his forefathers and his natural instinct for work mark him as a rather serious-minded youngster.

In appearance, the baby Beaver is a soft reddish-brown ball of fur, instead of being covered with the coarse chestnut hairs as the old beavers are. He is about the size of a rat. His eyes are as bright as new shoe-buttons, and his little paws are very active for a baby's.

Usually five are born in a litter. Before the nursing period is over, the mother brings the baby twigs about the size of a lead pencil. He sits

up on his haunches, holds the twigs in his little hands, and eats the bark. Long before he is out of childhood he begins gnawing on bits of wood with his new teeth and exercising his jaws on everything he can reach. He carries small sticks in his mouth as soon as he begins to swim, and long before he is full-grown he begins gnawing trees.

The building instinct is strong in him. He leads the mammals of the world in mechanical and engineering skill. He is architect, carpenter, mason, lumberman, log-cutter and dam-builder, and is the most versatile animal known. He is always on the job, and pays no attention to the unions.

The most expert lumber-jack is inferior to the Beaver as a tree feller. He cuts down trees in the most scientific way. He can fell a tree so it will fall toward the pond where he wishes to construct his home, thus saving himself unnecessary work.

After the trees are felled, the construction work begins. He works chiefly by night, for he is a nocturnal prowler. The moon is his lantern; the

quiet of the night his inspiration; his sharp teeth are his hatchet and chisel; and his little paws are his means of conveyance, his spade, his hammer and his trowel. His hard, flat, hairless and scaly tail is a propeller when swimming and a balance when he is cutting timber, for he stands on his hind legs while gnawing down trees.

The trees which furnish bark most liked by beavers for food are the cottonwood, poplar, elm, willow, birch, aspen and box-elder. The bark of the oak, ash, and hickory are not eaten. The Beaver's diet consists chiefly of barks, tender shoots and water plants. He is a strict vegetarian.

Sometimes the beaver has to build a dam exceeding fifty feet in length to flood low ground. He usually lays it out with the curve pointing up stream. The foundations of Beaver dams are built of poles, four or five feet in length by one or two inches in diameter. These he lays cross-wise, filling all crevices with mud.

He digs up mud with his forefeet, then holds it close to his breast with his forelegs, swims to where he has started his dam, and beats the mud

down with his paws, and *not with his tail*, as has been said.

Then he builds his house. The beaver house is a well constructed affair of neatly trimmed poles from which the bark has been peeled and logs two or three feet long, with all spaces plastered full of mud. The house is a two-story affair. The entrance is under water, with a water tight living room well above high-water mark. The cellar is used for storing foods. The size of the house is four or five feet high and fifteen or eighteen feet in diameter. The exterior is not handsome; it resembles a last year's hen's nest, but it deceives his enemies as to his whereabouts and is warm and comfortable within.

The Beaver builds dams and houses for protecting himself and family. He has many enemies who seek him for food and for his beautiful fur. When his home is attacked, he makes his escape under deep water, and we are very glad that he has the cunning to protect himself from vicious marauders.

When a young Beaver is old enough to marry, he selects the prettiest girl of his acquaintance



By courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History

Old Beaver is the master "lumberjack" of the whole animal world. He can fell a tree and make it fall toward the pond where he wishes to build his house and dam, thus saving himself unnecessary work. He leads the world in mechanical and engineering skill and mankind has much to learn from this canny old rodent.



By courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History

Beaver babies begin gnawing sticks the size of a lead pencil before they are weaned. Thus at an early age they sharpen their teeth for the Battle of Life.

and makes known his intentions to his parents. Immediately the old couple set about helping the bridal pair to build a home. Then they lay in a goodly supply of food, and the young folks move in. Father and Mother Beaver help to settle any disputes that may arise between the newly-weds and adjust any difficulties that may occur. The mother-in-law influence is felt even in Beaverland. Bachelors and widowers are not tolerated in Beaver Society. They are ostracised as soon as they start on a career of single blessedness.

When living without a family, they club together in holes dug in a river-bank, living much the same as minks do. Under these conditions they do not lay in stores of food in winter, but live in hand-to-mouth fashion, securing enough food from day to day to subsist on. Neither do they build dams nor houses.

The Beaver is the largest gnawing animal (rodent) in North America. The average beaver is about three feet six inches long from tip to tip, and weighs about thirty-five pounds. One huge specimen caught in Eastern Canada weighed fifty-three pounds.

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The adult Beaver is soft greyish-brown in colour, covered with coarse chestnut hair that is waterproof. He has small brown eyes and long orange-coloured incisors; little funny ears, and a face resembling a squirrel.

Mr. Beaver spends most of his time in the water, but is an air-breathing mammal. He is found from Texas, throughout the Rocky Mountains, Sierras and Cascades, northward to the northern limit of trees, and throughout Canada and New England.

CHAPTER II
BABY ORANG-UTANS

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BABY ORANG-UTANS

OF all our wonderful animal kingdom none attracts so much attention as the great apes. They so nearly approach man in habits, manners, appetites and mimicry that they really seem very human.

The Orang-Utans stand at the head of the animal class for intelligence and are equalled only by the chimpanzees.

A baby Orang is a very close approximation of a human baby. The Orang mother carries her baby in her arms. She cuddles, pets and loves him in every conceivable way. She is very particular that he does not get injured nor eat any food that may disagree with him. I saw a small boy pass a baby Orang a peanut. The little fellow took it in his human looking hand and was about to eat it when his mother snatched it from him and destroyed it. She chattered and

scolded him and it was evident by his manner that she told him it wasn't good for him.

The Orang baby is big-headed, innocent-eyed and gentle in manner. He craves affection and suffers without it. The more attention and petting he receives, the better he thrives. Love is the eternal supply needed to level all his sorrows as well as ours. Orangs like human beings. They cling to those they love and are morose and melancholy when away from the object of their affections.

The Orang-Utan comes from Borneo and Sumatra. Its name is pure Malay and means "jungle man." It is appropriate, for the creatures live in the trees and enjoy life to its fullest possible extent. Old Orang is easily recognized by his brown skin, red hair and little ears. He is long-armed, short-legged and pot-bellied, and looks like a burlesque of an Irish comedian.

He is as full of fun as a "barrel of monkeys." I have observed the antics of these animals and nearly all of them are supported by good sound sense.

One day I watched "Baldy," a very clever

Orang, try to open the door of his cage. His keeper had just fed him. He had unlocked the cage with his keys, put the food within, relocked the door and departed. "Baldy" watched him intently during these operations. After the keeper had disappeared he took two straws, twisted them into the crude likeness of a key, inserted them in the lock and turned them several times. Then he tried the door and seemed surprised that it did not open. He repeated the performance and was disappointed because it would not work. This big fellow was full of mimicry.

A learned gentleman paused before his cage, adjusted his eyeglasses and carefully observed him. "Baldy" quickly snatched a nearby newspaper, tore a strip from its pages and with his finger punched two holes in it. He held it across his eyes, peering quizzically at the gentleman, who beat a hasty exit.

In disposition Orangs are gentle and affectionate, exceedingly fond of human beings and take to training like a duck to water. It is a pity the anthropoid (man-like) apes do not live long in captivity. Rarely an Orang is seen 4 feet tall,

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weighing 150 pounds. Homesickness is the chief cause of their early deaths.

The big apes require a variety of food as do human beings. Flesh, fish and fowl, with liberal portions of eggs, milk, fruits and vegetables, make up their diet. They are very fond of soups and nuts. The Orangs are easily taught to take soup from a spoon. They feed themselves readily, man-fashion, and can use a knife and fork with ease.

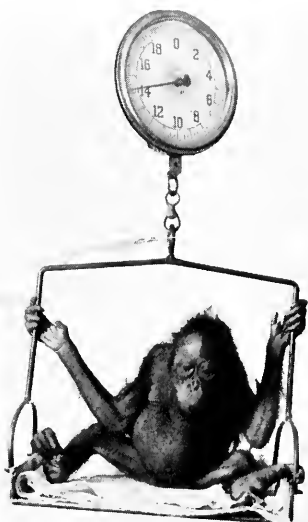
In the wild state they eat all kinds of wild fruit, leaves, nuts, birds and birds' eggs. Orangs are easily taught to wear the clothing of humans, to drink from cups and bottles, to smoke cigars, drink intoxicating liquor, skate on roller skates, ride bicycles, walk a tight rope or slack wire. They learn these things in two or three weeks' time.

"The largest specimen on record stood 4 feet 6 inches in height, measured 42 inches around the chest, and between finger tips stretched 8 feet. The hand is $11\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, the foot $13\frac{1}{2}$ inches; but the width across the palm is only $3\frac{3}{4}$ inches. The weight of a large, full grown



Photo by A. W. Schaad

"Dinah," the baby Gorilla, and "Baldy," the Orang, with his pet dog, "Mike," make a trio hard to beat.



Photos from the private collection of W. T. Hornaday

The baby Orang perched on the limb sees a bird's nest with four eggs in it. It's a safe guess that his mouth is watering, for he is a voracious feeder and prefers his eggs a la Raw, straight from the shell.

This baby Orang is three months old and balances the scales at fourteen pounds. —If he is "husky" and eats with the appetite that befits a growing youngster, he stands a fair chance to tip the scales at 250 pounds when he grows up.

male Orang is about 250 pounds." (Hornaday.)

These animals live wholly in the tree tops and seldom descend to the ground except for water. They cannot leap from bough to bough as do monkeys, because of their great weight; but swing underneath the branches with their long powerful arms in much the same manner as Seminole Indians travel through the Everglades.

When the Orangs are home in the jungles of Sumatra and Borneo they make a nest to sleep upon by breaking the leafy branches of trees, and laying them cross-wise in the top of a forked sapling. In this big nest they lie flat on their backs and are rocked to sleep in the leafy cradle—while in repose they grasp a branch in each hand and foot.

Unless attacked at close range in the forest the great apes are not dangerous to man. When attacked they fight like human toughs, by biting and scratching. They do not fight with clubs, as has been reported. When fighting each other the old males bite chunks out of the faces and the fingers and toes of their adversaries.

The Orang-Utan, Chimpanzee and Gorilla

are our three largest apes. The Orang is brown-skinned, as the Malays are in the country he comes from; while the Chimpanzee and Gorilla are black-skinned, like the natives of Africa, which is their habitat.

CHAPTER III
A BABY HIPPOPOTAMUS

CHAPTER III

A BABY HIPPOPOTAMUS

CALIPH was a baby hippo who was caught in the Nile River after his mother, the crankiest old lady and the worst fighter in the herd, had been shot. Little Caliph was a cunning fat baby but a few days old. In spite of his seventy-five pounds of solid flesh and bone, he was nimble on his legs and a good swimmer as well. He was seized while swimming under water with just his nostrils visible.

The little Hippo had a red skin like a young baby. He was fat as a butter ball and somewhat resembled a pig. His master took him home, fed him on a diet of bread and milk, and made him a little pen with a pool of water in it.

Caliph became very much attached to his master. He soon learned to follow him about like a dog. Sometimes the little fellow would grieve for his mother and wistfully think of the

rides he took on her broad, safe back, because he was too small to keep up with her when he swam beside her. He mourned for her loving protection and caresses, for the mother hippopotamus is among the gentlest and most lovable of mothers.

The little Hippo waxed fat and strong. In a short time the bread and milk dinners were replaced by warm bran mash and sweet, delicious hay, with a dessert of carrots or juicy apples.

When he was six months old he was transferred from his little yard to a great boat and brought to America. The trip was attended by seasickness and many other unpleasantries; but his beloved master spoke soft and kind words of encouragement to him and helped him forget his troubles and fears. The rocking of the boat made his head throb, and the strange noises frightened him. Then they landed and were taken to one of the great parks and Caliph became the chief attraction of the menagerie.

The other great beasts were curious and unfriendly, so little Caliph stayed in the swimming

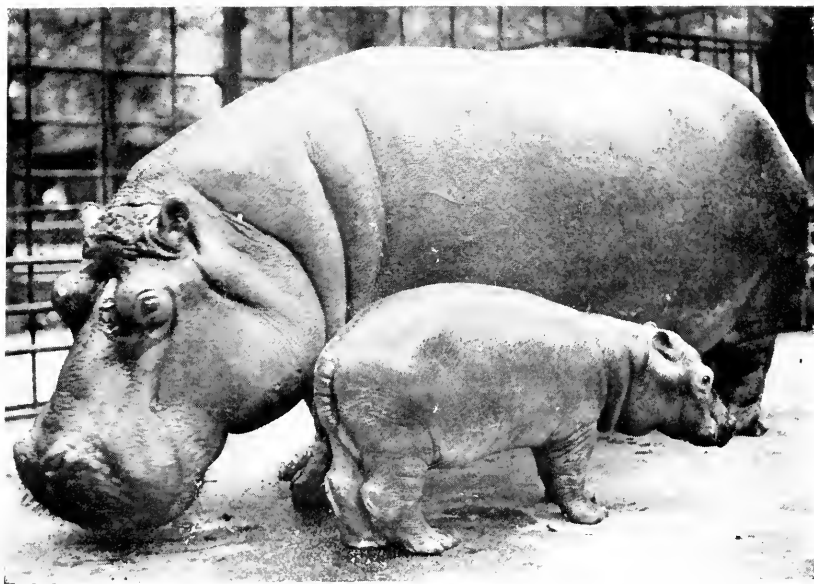


Photo by A. W. Schaad

Baby "Caliph" at birth weighed seventy-five pounds, and was as full of fun as a barrel of monkeys. His mother's weight was four tons. Her huge head alone tipping the scales at one thousand pounds.



"Jim" says it feels like going down cellar when he puts his head in "Caliph's" huge, cavernous mouth.



Photos by A. W. Schaad

"Caliph" loves to hold "Keeper Jim" in his great, gigantic jaws and swing him back and forth to the tune of "Rock-a bye, Baby."

tank most of the time, mainly to escape their critical eyes.

One day when he was eating his hay a dear little kitten walked into his cage and sniffed his nose. He sniffed back and found her most friendly. They became great chums and every day at dinnertime she called on him and they had a little visit together. She would curl up on his hay and doze, moving back a few inches at a time as he ate in close proximity to her little furry body. When she grew up and had little kittens of her own she took them to visit her hippo friend, who loved them as dearly as he loved their little mother.

When Caliph was eight years old he weighed eight thousand pounds and was a gigantic animal of terrific strength and power; but he never took advantage of these assets. His master had taught him some very interesting tricks and Caliph delighted in exhibiting his talents. He would open his great mouth to its widest capacity and let Master sit inside, never offering to close it until he was safely out of the huge fleshy cavern. Then he would permit him to put his head in his

mouth, to ride on his back, and to brush his huge teeth with a stiff broom.

Caliph's great delight was to take his master on his broad back and plunge into the swimming pool.

Our critical friends say that a Hippopotamus is not intelligent enough to be trained; that he is vicious, and not to be trusted, and has no memory. I give you these facts to disprove their theory and to give the Hippo a square deal. I feel that he is a much maligned beast. Many of them are loving, gentle and faithful, if handled by those who love and want to understand them.

The Hippopotamus is found in the rivers and lakes of Africa. He and the Rhino are beasts of another era and do not belong to this age. But they are so very interesting we would be sorry to see them go.

The Hippo is certainly not handsome. He has a huge barrel body submerged in fat mounted on short stumpy legs and a gigantic head with a mouth of such enormous size and capacity as to be positively terrifying. The huge, horse-like nose is covered with stiff bristles, the nostrils flare

like fans, the eyes bulge, and the forehead is low and flat, with two foolish looking ears sticking up on either side of it.

The weight of this great beast averages from four thousand to eight thousand pounds.

His voice is not true to his character. It consists of a deep, hog-like grunt, followed by four sharp, high pitched, shrill squeals. One would expect a deep, resonant bass from such a sober, phlegmatic beast and is shockingly surprised by his ear-splitting tenor.

The Hippopotamus is herbivorous. He lives a great part of the time in water but is an air breathing mammal. The mothers have but one baby at a time and suckle it as a cow does her calf.

Whips and other articles of commerce are manufactured from their thick, tough hide and the flesh is eaten by the natives.

So the poor Hippo has many enemies. We hope the game laws will protect him, as we couldn't possibly spare him, he is so intensely interesting.

CHAPTER IV
BABY RACCOONS

CHAPTER IV

BABY RACCOONS

HAVE you ever seen a little Raccoon washing each morsel of his food before he eats it? His hygienic methods are amusing indeed. The Germans call him "Waschbär," meaning "wash bear."

As soon as the babies are weaned and begin taking solid food they wash or soak each bit of food in water. They use their very human looking hands quite nimbly while performing this task. This little fellow can chip an egg with his teeth and drink the contents without spilling a drop. He can remove covers from jars and stoppers from bottles with such ease that one would fancy he had been taught.

Mr. Coon is a most remarkable feeder. Anything from a live rabbit steak to green corn and raspberries makes a strong appeal to his palate. They are especially fond of sweets, candy, mo-

lasses, sugar, and even butter and lard tempt them.

The babies are born in a hollow tree, which is the favourite home of the Raccoon. There are five or six in a litter. The little chaps grow rapidly and are soon able to join the nocturnal rambles with father and mother, for Mr. and Mrs. Coon are night prowlers. Most of their fun and their hunting is carried on at night. They sleep during the day and therefore escape many dangers from hunters who eagerly seek their pelts and from larger animals who hunt them for food.

I was the happiest girl in the world the day I was presented with a baby raccoon. He was a round, squirming ball of grey fur beautifully striped with black markings, two black eyes as bright as new shoe buttons, and a little, pointed, black nose. But the most beautiful thing about him was his bushy grey tail striped with black. He sniffed at me inquiringly, hardly daring to make friends on so short acquaintance. I reassured him as best I could and waited for him to make the first advances.

I turned him loose in our big country home and

he began house-hunting. He found a loose brick at the base of the old chimney and made himself a little home by extracting the brick and crawling into the base of the chimney. Here he slept during the day and at night started out on a ramble. He explored the old house from cellar to garret, carrying mischief in his wake.

"Coonie" learned to lap milk as nimbly as a kitten. Our two fat tabby cats breakfasted on warm milk, and "Coonie" was greedy. He soon discovered that he was the "boss" of the ranch and used his power to deadly advantage. As soon as the tabby cats began breakfast, "Coonie" would leap suddenly from behind the old woodbox and, with an ear-splitting bark, rush at the cats. A flash of tails and the cats had disappeared and "Mr. Coonie" would greedily eat up their hastily abandoned milk.

He would climb up beside me as I sewed and amuse himself with spools and strings. He loved playthings. I gave him a pretty ball and he became an adept ball roller. He would cuff it vigorously for an hour or so at a time.

He would curl up on the foot of my bed; but

he didn't sleep much. The darkness was too stimulating for him, so he would quietly drop to the floor and start prowling. He was full of mischief at night. One of his favourite stunts was to pull the stopper out of the ink bottle and pour the contents over the white table cloth. He could unlatch the door and also turn a door-knob.

An irate member of the family was looking for our pet with a shot-gun. We saw if his life was to be spared we must hide him at once. I put a leash on him and tied him in the rear of the stable.

One bright, moonlight night, when the stars burned white against the midnight blue of the heavens, I heard a short, sharp bark from the woods. "Coonie" became restless and tugged at his leash. I could hear him moving about until the dawn broke. The next night the call was repeated; louder and nearer it came. "Coonie" became very restless and whined dismally. The following day he scarcely touched his food and fell into a feverish sleep as night approached. He grew very anxious and worried and made an examination of the doors and windows, sniffing eagerly at the half-open window in the kitchen.



By permission of the New York Zoological Society

The Raccoon babies are taking their first peep at the beautiful, green world. Mother 'Coon is holding her precious child back so that in the excitement of the moment he won't walk too fast and get out of breath.



Permission of New York Zoological Society

Baby Raccoons look like little foxes with tortoise shell spectacles on, and I wouldn't be a bit surprised to learn that they can see twice as far as any other baby can.

I could read his thoughts, poor dear. He longed to go back to his own kin. He loved me, but the call of freedom and home outweighed the affection he felt for me.

I loved him and I was selfish, so I determined to keep him. I wanted the pleasure of his presence, the touch of his soft, furry little body against my breast, the joy of feeding and caring for him. One day I suddenly realised how selfish I was. I loved him, yet I had deliberately resolved to prevent him from going back to the life he loved and yearned for. With a wrench I tore that unworthy resolve out by the very roots.

After my mental battle I dragged myself wearily to bed; but I did not close the kitchen window. When all was quiet and the soft stillness was broken only by the singing of wind through the maple trees, I heard the scratch of his little feet on the window sill. A pause. Then the soft thud of his little body striking the ground. In the quiet of the night I turned on my pillow and cried my heart out. But somehow, out of somewhere, I found peace, the great, comforting peace that comes when love breaks loose from the toils

of selfishness and stands ready to give, and give, and give some more, without return, reward or recompense. I never saw him again, but I feel he is happy with his own kind.

Raccoons are darling pets. They are intelligent, loving and very playful when not confined too closely and have plenty of sunshiny playground with a nice, big tree to climb. I know if you ever have one you'll love him as I loved my little pet.

The common Raccoon is about thirty-five inches long, of which eleven or twelve inches represent tail. When in prime condition it will weigh twenty-five pounds. The usual colour is grey, slightly rusty across the shoulders. The back is decorated with black-tipped hairs, while the under parts are a similar grey without the black tips.

The upper part of the feet are lightish. The tail is big and bushy, trimmed with five distinct black rings and a smart black tip.

His face is decorated with black patches arranged in such a manner that he looks as if he wore a pair of spectacles.

Albino specimens are not infrequent.

A crab-eating Raccoon is found on the shores of Chesapeake Bay.

The Raccoon is found throughout North America to the northern limit of trees and south into the very edge of the tropics.

His fur is warm, durable and handsome, hence fashion demands his coat. We hope he will be protected, for how barren the woods would be without him!

CHAPTER V
BABY ELEPHANTS

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BABY ELEPHANTS

A BABY Elephant is indeed a most interesting animal. He is a helpless little fellow not even strong enough to eat without his mother's help for several days after birth; but he is a wonder to look at.

His soft, wrinkled skin is covered with down, and his forehead with long black hair, the inheritance from his primeval ancestors who roamed over the North away back in the dim ages.

At birth the baby Elephant weighs from 175 to 200 pounds and is about two feet six inches tall at the shoulders. He is dark brown in colour but coal black when fresh from his bath. His trunk is short and small and of very little use to him while he is a baby. It grows in size and agility with use. His eyelashes are long and shaggy and give his hazel eyes a comical expression.

When a few months old the hair and down disappear, leaving his skin naked.

He is as full of tricks as a monkey. To raise a sudden yell of alarm and bring his ever anxious mother, wild with rage, to his side seems to him a great joke. To steal some delicacy, although he is too young to eat it, fills him with amusement. To nag and worry young animals less strong than himself is indeed a pleasant pastime for baby Elephants to indulge in.

They depend on their mothers' care for several years, for they grow slowly and are unable to fend for themselves until four or five years old.

The baby Elephant suckles with its mouth like any mammal and not with its trunk, as many suppose.

Elephants are models of domestic virtue; for the parents' devotion to their children is as great as their love for each other. Other Elephants—who are not members of the family—treat the young calves with great kindness.

The patience of the old Elephants is severely tried, for the calves are unusually frisky. They are up to all sorts of mischief. They like to run

between the legs of their elders and nudge and butt them from below.

They are exceedingly playful little scamps and like to have wrestling matches with the Elephant drivers. When a man is knocked down, the little beast will trample him with delight.

A big baby Elephant that I know of ran away from a circus one night. When morning came they set out to find him. In the late afternoon he was overtaken twenty miles from where he started. He was ruining every potato field he could find. He dug up several acres but didn't eat many. He wanted the fun of doing all the damage possible on his stolen holiday. When he saw his keeper approaching, he ran madly for the river and tried to hide himself under the water with only his trunk visible. He was promptly taken back to the circus and soundly scolded.

I want to tell you about Hattie, who is my friend's chum. He has known her since she was a helpless bundle such as I've just described to you. Their friendship began when he presented her with a harmonica and gently played into her big flapping ear. Hattie liked that sound im-

mensely and soon learned to hold the harmonica in her trunk and play some elephant music all by herself. Following this exhibition of temperament came some wonderful music on a horn and military march beats on the kettle drum. She dances the elephantine waltz and sits up on her haunches and takes tea at a dainty tea table. She picks my friend up with her wonderful trunk and sets him up on her big, broad head and takes him for a joy ride.

The African Elephant has never been trained as his Indian brother has. This is due, in a great measure, to his great size and the cost of feeding him. That he is easily trained has been proven by that most remarkable trainer, Carl Hagenbeck, who trained five half-grown African elephants to carry men and burdens within twenty-four hours.

The memory of these great pachyderms (thick-skinned animals) has always been a question of interest. Hagenbeck writes of a sick Elephant that was under his care and who proved himself worthy of consideration and respect. The elephant's name was "Bosco." He was affectionate and intelligent and would call his benefactor with

loud, trumpeting tones whenever he heard his footstep or voice.

Bosco was an apt pupil and in six weeks' time had mastered the tricks taught him and went on the stage.

Two years later Mr. Hagenbeck happened to be in the same town where "Bosco" was performing. He inquired where the great beast was quartered and, seizing a handful of sandwiches, hurried to the stables. On reaching the door, he called in loud tones, "Halloo, Bosco!" and instantly the big herbivore emitted a joyful cry. As Hagenbeck approached him, "Bosco" began gurgling in his throat, after the manner of all his kind when anything pleases them very much. As soon as he could reach Mr. Hagenbeck, he seized him by the arm with his trunk, drew him close to him and licked his face, all the time gurgling loudly.

The Elephant is herbivorous. His food is chiefly grass or hay, tender leaves and succulent water plants. He loves sweets and dainties and is exceedingly fond of sweet fruits.

He is very fond of the water. He likes to swim

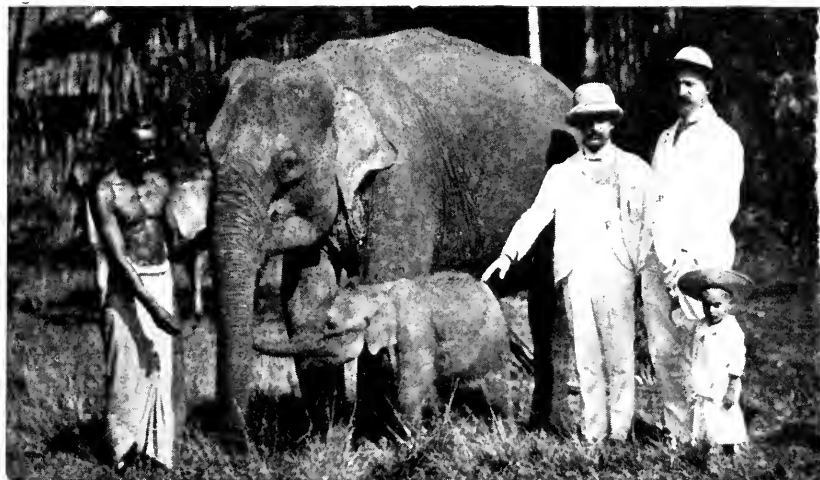
below its surface with only his trunk above like the conning pole of a submarine boat. He bathes often, spraying the water over his back with his trunk, and expresses his joy with loud purring sounds, like some giant cat.

He plasters himself with clay or mud to ward off the attacks of vicious and poisonous flies.

In India the Elephant is used as a beast of burden. He is used in the rice fields to do the heavy work in the same way horses and cattle are used in our corn and wheat fields. He also loads vessels with great timbers and other products of the Far East. An Elephant is often seen caring for the children, rocking the baby, and protecting the family he lives with in every conceivable way.

He serves both the rich and the poor of India. From carrying the royal howdahs loaded with noblemen on his back through the jungle in quest of tigers and big game to performing the simplest duties for the humbler of mankind, our friend the Elephant can nearly always be depended on.

There are rogue Elephants, to be sure, as there



From the private collection of W. T. Hornaday

Little "Coco" was caught running wild with his mother on the Island of Ceylon. Last year I met him at Barnum and Bailey's Circus. He introduced himself by gathering wisps of hay from the floor, rolling them into a neat bundle and presenting his gift to me with his long, sensitive trunk. He took to civilization like a duck to water and has developed into the cleverest trick animal in captivity.

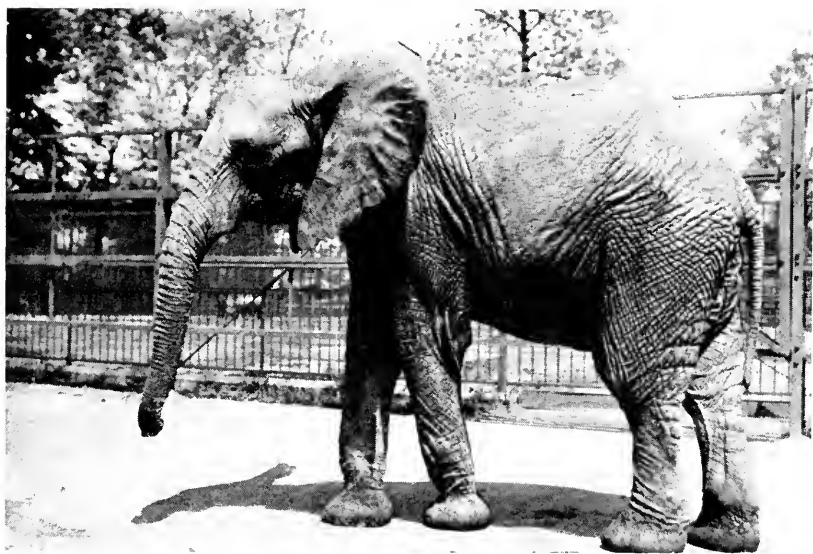


Photo by A. W. Schaud

Our African Elephant is distinguished from its Indian cousin by its great, fanlike ears and corrugated trunk. The female of this species have short tusks, while the Indian female has none. The legs of both species are constructed to be well-nigh tireless. The life of the average elephant is one hundred years, and in all probability the animal never lies down during its entire lifetime.

are vicious and insane men; but they are the exception and not the rule.

Elephants are our largest land animals. They inhabit the warm sections of Asia and Africa. One of the tallest wild specimens shot was eleven feet eight and one-half inches at the shoulders and weighed six and one-half tons. Jumbo was said to be twelve feet when he died. A medium sized elephant weighs three tons, or as much as fifty men. They do not get their full growth until thirty years of age and often live over a century. The dwarf elephant of the Congo is an interesting specimen.

This most remarkable animal is man's best friend. His great size and strength permit him to be very independent and it is only through love and gentle treatment that he will serve man to the best of his ability. For intelligence, sagacity and great endurance, he ranks first in the beast kingdom. He is loving and faithful and we hope he will be protected as he deserves to be and not shot wantonly as has been done by silly people who *call* themselves sportsmen.



CHAPTER VI
BABY RHINOS

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BABY RHINOS

DID you ever look at an old Indian Rhino dressed in his coat of mail like a knight of old, and think that he is the funniest looking antique you ever saw?

He has an old warrior's spirit, too. He is ready to charge at a second's notice anything that threatens the lady of his choice or his own peace of mind, and annihilate the offender with a thrust from his terrible sword. Such are the ways of this gallant soldier. Captain Rhino is every inch a military man. Cowardice is an unknown quantity to him, while action, strength and bravery are his chief characteristics. Thus fortified, he wages deadly warfare on marauders and enemies.

Nature created him with a sword on his nose; so he was properly equipped with a suitable weapon from the start. His thick, hairless skin lies on his massive body in huge folds like plate

armour, and looks like a coat of mail. When dried, the skin is used for shields and other implements of warfare.

His head is massive and set with small pin-like eyes which are not particularly useful as far as their seeing powers are concerned.

His sense of smell is so keen that he depends on it to locate an intruder rather than on his eyesight, which is limited in comparison. His feet are round and massive with short toes bound together, each toe being encased in a hoof-like nail. The central or third toe is the largest, but the weight of the great body is supported by a thick sole pad.

All told, Captain Rhino is a formidable looking customer, and a fellow we wouldn't care to encounter on a dark night. He has the speed of a race horse, which is remarkable for such a cumbersome creature.

One baby at a time is customary in Rhino families. Baby Rhino is a jolly little chap, full of pranks, playful, affectionate and fond of tricks. He makes a fine pet and since prehistoric days has been kept in captivity. I don't think they

could be successfully domesticated. They are too temperamental for that sort of thing.

Life is full of joys to the little baby Rhino. Wallowing in the soft black mud during the hot days, rising with father and mother at dawn and breakfasting on twigs, shrubs and sweet green grass is delightful and when the sun gets too hot, to wander through the dark cool forest and get acquainted with the wonderful sights and sounds of that leafy, mystical world.

The baby precedes his mother when out for a walk, mother Rhino encouraging him by a gentle push with her horn.

The eminent scientist, Karl Schilling, tells of a baby Rhino he captured in Africa. The baby was brought up by an African goat, was sweet tempered and affectionate and loved his foster mother; the little creature was so gentle he travelled the entire distance from the interior of Africa to the coast on foot. They travelled by night and rested by day to avoid the fierce glare of the sun.

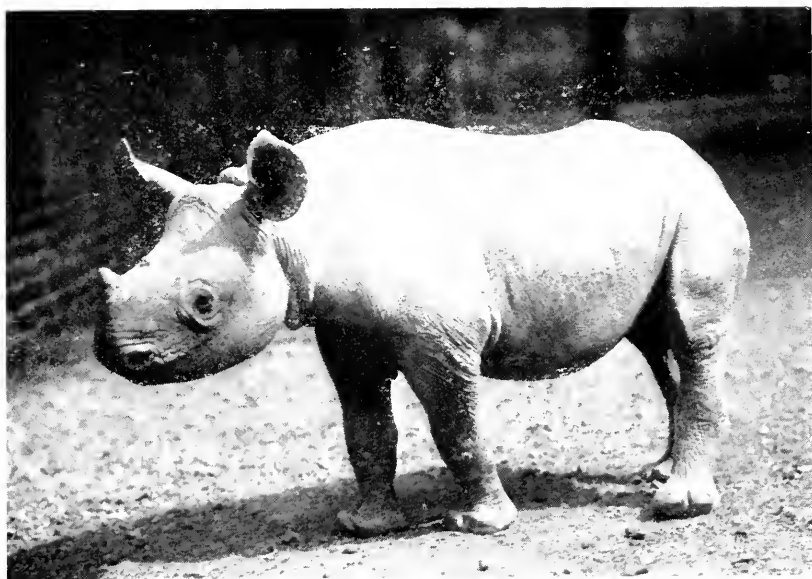
After reaching port, the baby Rhino accompanied by his goat nurse, was shipped to Ham-

burg, Germany, for Carl Hagenbeck's zoological gardens. They arrived safely and were the delight of the visitors. When displeased, the little Rhino voiced his protest by shrill squeals and fought wickedly. The Rhino's disposition is sluggish and inoffensive. He browses like a goat and does not graze as do cows and sheep. He is extremely keen of smell. When scenting an enemy, he immediately prepares for the offensive. With a snort, old Rhino makes off with the speed of a race horse, with loud puffs and deep, laboured grunts he covers ground like a locomotive; and woe betide the intruder if the old warrior catches him.

The strength of the Rhino is phenomenal. He breaks down thickets and small trees in his travels like straws. Rocks don't bother him in the least, and he travels splendidly over rough ground.

A favourite position of the huge beast is sitting on its haunches for relaxation and observation. He looks like some giant hog of old in the position. Poison insects are troublesome to this great pachyderm (thick-skinned animal).

The sting of the tsetse fly is deadly to him.



Courtesy of New York Zoological Society

The baby, white, square-nosed African Rhino is just sprouting his nose horn and looks proud of his achievement. He never will have a "coat of mail" suit, but his horn will be a longer and more formidable "sword" than his Indian cousin's.

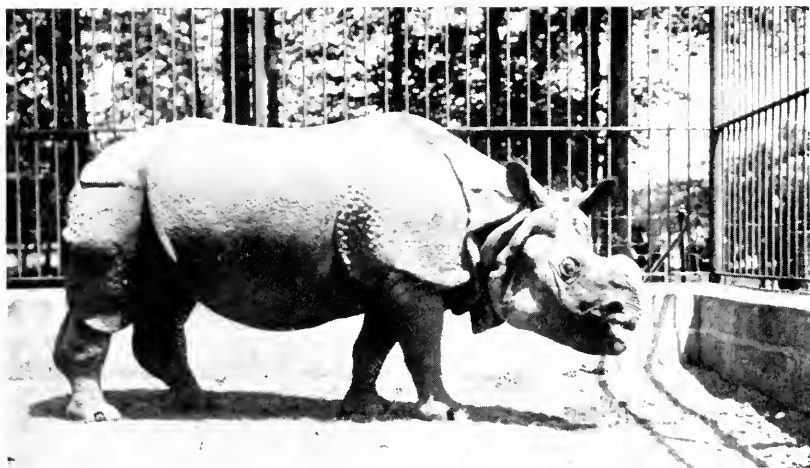


Photo by A. W. Schaad

This Indian Rhino, distinguishable in his "coat of mail" suit, became so "sassy" that he was deprived of his eighteen-inch horn by the judicious use of a saw. It took eight men and two hundred feet of stout manila rope to do the trick. Now he is a sadder but wiser Rhino.

There is no better fighter than old Rhino. Even the young will charge when danger threatens.

The only way to capture a baby is to kill the mother first; but the baby often surprises the slayer by charging like an infuriated demon. Baby Rhino is no coward. He is ready to avenge his mother without hesitation. His courage is splendid and we *must* respect him.

The Rhinoceros is a relic of another age. There are five species of Rhinoceros—three are Indian and two are African.

The Indian species differ from the African in having the skin arranged in folds and in keeping the incisor teeth through life and having but one nose horn (except the Sondiac). The feet of all species are alike.

The Indian Rhino is the largest of the Asiatic species. Some of them range from five to five and one-half feet high and ten to eleven long. The single nose horn rarely exceeds one foot. The skin is hairless and thick.

The Java Rhino is smaller, lightish grey in colour and found from Burmah to Bengal, Java and Borneo.

Ranging over the same territory, except Java, is the Sumatran or Sondiac Rhino, two horns, a rough blackish coat, covered with a coat of long, thin, bristling hair.

The African species consists of the common white, and the white square nosed, long horned varieties and the black, horned, and black long lipped. Lions and leopards give this old veteran a wide berth. No creature cares to encounter him when it can be avoided.

So we'll say good-bye to our gallant old warrior and hope he'll be spared to us all through the ages to come.

CHAPTER VII
BABY BEARS

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BABY BEARS

DON'T you think it's a wonderful fact that our great shaggy-coated Bears are born almost as hairless and naked as a new-born human infant? And this great, hulking beast weighs at birth about three-quarters of a pound!

Here are the dimensions of a baby Russian brown Bear taken when he was two days old: Length, head and body, $9\frac{3}{4}$ inches; tail, $\frac{1}{2}$ inch; height, 5 inches; hind foot, $1\frac{1}{8}$ inches by $\frac{7}{8}$ of an inch; weight, 15 ounces. (Hornaday.)

This cub was born January 17th, which is about the time baby Bears are generally born.

There are two cubs in each litter.

At an early age a soft, downy covering appears which in due time develops into a massive shaggy coat. A new-born Bear looks like a little pink-skinned pig.

Little Bears are born in the base of hollow trees, in deep ravines, and under big rocks. They live on the ground and after they are weaned eat everything from an antelope steak to a grasshopper. They are exceedingly fond of honey, berries, frogs, fish, snakes, insect larvæ, and green vegetables.

The chief article of diet of Alaskan Bears is salmon. While camping in Alaska one summer, I chanced to surprise an old female with her two cubs sitting on the river bank fishing. She hooked the salmon deftly with her long, sharp claws as they swam up the river to spawn. She piled up her freshly caught salmon in the same manner as a country boy piles up cordwood. She made a neat job of it while the cubs wrestled in the sunshine nearby.

Bear cubs are about the most merry hearted youngsters I know of. I think they are even more playful than monkeys and far more charming to look at.

An Alaskan Indian guide presented me with two little black bear cubs he had captured while hunting. They were about three months old and

as fat as butter balls. They were as grey as mice but as they grew older these grey coats grew darker and darker until they were jet black like their parents. The little fellows were contented and grew very rapidly. I had a nice light pen built for them, where they got plenty of sunshine and fresh air. The little chaps thrived and waxed strong under the cheerful conditions. Bears are very susceptible to their environment. If confined in gloomy places, they become dull and depressed. I got a young timber wolf and a mongrel dog to keep the little bears company.

I named my bears Tom and Jerry.

There were exciting times in the pen where the four of them lived. One of their favourite games was footrace. Bears do not attain their full growth until seven years of age. My cubs were now about five months and so full of mischief I began to worry about what I was going to do with them when they were full grown.

I think they chose sides in the footraces, for the two bears never chased each other, but each of the bears would chase the wolf and the dog. Then the wolf and the dog would turn about and race

madly after the bears. This game was very amusing and afforded pleasure for all concerned until the bears were about eight months old.

Jerry was fast becoming a very good boxer and was anxious to show his skill whenever he could invent the slightest excuse for doing so.

One fine day Tad, the wolf, and Jerry were having a race. Tad gave chase the first round; then it was Jerry's turn to be the pursuer. The first lap he kept several paces behind. On the second lap he suddenly leaped forward with a bound and with a powerful swing of his big, hairy paw caught Tad fairly on the side of the rump. Tad described an arc while madly turning somersaults in the air and landed with a sickening thud outside the pen. After a few minutes of apparent lifelessness, he leaped to his feet and, with wild bounds, ran yelping down the trail and disappeared in the woods. It was several days before he approached the house, looking scared and half starved. He crept with great caution and, skulking around the bear pen, crawled up to the door, whining dismally. Tad made his home in the kitchen after that.

In the Temperate and Frigid Zones Bears hiber-

Little Polar Bears think an ice floe the loveliest bed in the world—Mrs. Polar watches her babies playing in the sunshine and thinks that in a short time they will be able to follow her on her hunting trips, where she will teach them how to catch fish with their claws, and when they are older she will show them how to club a seal and maul a walrus.

By courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History



nate (or fall into a deep sleep). This is really a remarkable means Nature has taken to protect her children. Bears cannot procure sufficient food after the snow falls, so Nature has given them the means of storing up great quantities of fat under their skins to nourish them through the long, cold winter. Bears crawl into deep holes during this period, go into a deep sleep, and are nourished by their fat.

Tropical bears do not hibernate. The first of May old Bruin begins shedding his coat. By August 1st he has finished his shedding process and appears clad in a brand new suit. He is a very handsome fellow now.

The polar bear does not change the colour of his coat. He is quite content with his snow-white jacket, which is useful as well as beautiful. Also, it is a protection in his white home among the snow and ice.

Although old Mr. Bruin is one of the big fellows in the animal world, he suffers many privations from naughty little pests, hunters and trappers. Often he is caught red-handed by angry bumble bees as he steals wild honey from their hives. They sting him in the eyes and on his

sensitive nose, and blind him. Then the poor old chap wanders around in great pain, unable to procure food or water in this helpless condition, and finally dies from starvation. The trapper is always seeking him for his valuable fur, and poor old Bruin has to ever be on the alert to protect his much-sought-after life.

We have fourteen kinds of bears in the world. Four of them come from North America.

Here are the four species from North America:

1. Polar bear, of the far North. White. Very large.

2. Big brown bears of Alaska. Light brown. Very large.

3. Grizzly bears. Mexico to Alaska. Grey or brown. Medium or very large.

4. Black bears. North America generally, from Mexico to Alaska. Medium and large. The black bear is well adapted to tree climbing. (Hornaday.)

Bears are among the most interesting creatures of our animal world. They are loving and gentle, but so full of mischief it is difficult to make good pets of them.

CHAPTER VIII
BABY CAMELS

CHAPTER VIII

BABY CAMELS

A BABY Camel is such a droll looking little creature! His humps are clearly defined from the very beginning of his earthly career. His eyes are expressive and soft, and he has the patience of Job written all over his countenance. It has been my good fortune to know three baby camels. One was a Bactrian, or two-humped species, the remaining two were dromedaries or single humps. They are weak and helpless during the first few days of their lives, but gradually grow strong and run about quite actively at two weeks of age. They are sustained in good part by the air, eating practically nothing for the first two days. Then they become strong enough to take nourishment and acquire a good sized appetite in a very short time.

Young camels spend the greater part of their early life sleeping just as a human baby does.

From this excessive sleeping they wax strong and large, growing as rapidly as calves and acquiring large, bony frames.

They are covered with thick, fluffy, brown hair, and are most interesting looking. The general disposition of little camels is much the same as that of our domestic calves—they are gentle and playful and fond of fun. A baby Dromedary is about 3 ft. high. The Bactrians are a little heavier framed.

One baby is the rule in Camel families. These unusual animals have played a very important part in our civilisation. They have been domesticated since Bible days, and because of their wonderful ability to travel over the great wastes of the earth, through burning heat and bitter cold, they have been called "The ship of the desert." The peculiar structure of the Camel's stomach enables him to go for many days without water.

This extraordinary power, coupled with the ability to endure climatic extremes, variety of food, famine and heavy burdens, place them in a class by themselves that even the hardy mule cannot hope to approach. A Dromedary can carry twice the load of a mule and a Bactrian can carry



Photo by A. W. Schaad

The humps on little Camels are clearly defined at birth. Mother Camel chews her cud complacently and perchance dreams of the future when her young son will be full grown and can carry the heaviest pack in the caravan. Such is the pride of mothers.



After the National Geographic Magazine

Baby Camel got tired trying to keep step with the caravan, so the camel driver tied him securely on his mama's strong back and gave him a free ride.

much more, the loads placed upon his back averaging from one hundred to fifteen hundred pounds.

The pace of a loaded Camel is about two and one-half miles an hour. His motion is peculiar and jolting and unless one is accustomed to travelling this way, it is quite disagreeable. He moves both feet on the same side successively, causing one side to be thrown forward and then the other.

It is an interesting sight to see a caravan containing from one thousand to four or five thousand Camels, plodding across the great desert, laden with teas and silks. This animal has proven itself a great friend to mankind, both in civilised sections and in the great wastes.

The Bactrian Camel is better fitted for the rocky, cooler regions. It is of smaller size, heavier build, the feet are more cloven and it has longer, heavier and finer wool. Its home is Central Asia, northern Turkestan and Mongolia. This animal has a very acute sense of smell and remarkable endurance.

It can travel the Thibetan plateau with the temperature at 140° F. in the summer, or in the

cold of its Arctic winter. It tramps over the plains heavy laden or hauling wagons or sledges from Peking, China, to Lake Baikal, over dizzy passes of the Hindu Kush, the rocky wastes of Afghanistan, onward to Persia.

Camels bred for the saddle are lighter and swifter than the baggage animals. These fast travelling creatures who can cover 100 miles a day are called Dromedaries, whether they have one hump or two. Their training begins at four years of age. They are taught to kneel, then to carry small loads, which are gradually increased.

The loads vary from 500 to 1,000 pounds. If too heavy, the Camel will not rise. It is very patient under its burden, yielding only to die.

The Dromedary proper is common in northeast India, Afghanistan, throughout Arabia to the Red Sea, and Somaliland on the south. The peculiar characteristics of this desert dwelling ruminant are its long neck, and remarkable hump of fat which helps to nourish the animal. When tired, or in poor health, the hump becomes flaccid. Its feet are cloven, possessing two toes each covered with a hoof-like nail. The toes are united

by one common sole, the foot resting on the pad. The desert people could not exist without the Camel.

They have been imported for draft animals to Australia, Zanzibar, Spain, and were introduced into the United States in 1857; but the Civil War interrupted this experiment. In India and upper Egypt, they are used as baggage animals and haul heavy artillery. Their food consists of leaves of trees, shrubs, and dry, hard vegetables, which they quickly crush with their powerful front teeth.

Camels seem to thrive on sunshine. When resting in the burning heat of desert sand and sun, it does not attempt to seek shelter beneath a cool tree, but basks in the fierce glare of the midday sun, apparently enjoying the maddening heat.

When overtaken by the terrible sand storms, the camel lies down and closes its eyes and nostrils, the driver seeking shelter behind its body.

The patience of this animal, "passeth all understanding." It is not very affectionate, but the human race has much to thank our friend the camel for, who has been a beast of burden to man since the dawn of civilisation.

CHAPTER IX
BABY WOODCHUCKS



CHAPTER IX

BABY WOODCHUCKS

IT was a gala occasion, that bright spring day in early May, when Papa and Mamma Woodchuck took their four toddling babies out of the nest and up the long, dark tunnel to inspect the beautiful green world. The little fellows clung timidly to their mother's brown fur coat.

The journey was so exciting they stopped every few minutes to inspect their surroundings and catch their breath. Their little hearts were beating madly with the excitement of the journey.

When they emerged into the bright spring sunshine, they blinked their brown eyes and opened their small, fur-muffled ears to catch the wonderful sights and sounds of the beautiful fairyland they had just tumbled into.

The singing birds and droning insects made sweet music for the little 'chucks; and I wouldn't

be at all surprised to learn that old Robin Red-breast whistled his prettiest that day, all for the enjoyment of the new babies. It wasn't long, anyway, before the youngsters could whistle back at him; for whistling is one of Fatty Woodchuck's best accomplishments. Eating and sleeping would run the whistle a close second, for I know of no animal (not including a growing boy) that can outstrip this canny old marmot at those two most enjoyable pastimes.

Mother Woodchuck led the babies down to the spring where the new plantain was just peeping out all green and tender. It seemed to them that life just couldn't contain anything else half so delicious. They nibbled the new grass and took a big drink at the old spring.

Father Woodchuck was sitting on his haunches in front of the burrow, keeping a sharp lookout during their little excursion. Had anything happened that would alarm him for their safety, he would have blown a low whistle through his butter-coloured teeth and had his whole family tumbling into the den in a jiffy. However, nothing looked very dangerous, so the little 'chucks

played to their hearts' fill in the warm yellow sunlight. Then they crawled back into their snug, under-ground home, so tired they could scarcely drag their fat, brown bodies along. How cosy the nest was, and what a lovely place to sleep in!

During those soft warm days the little fellows grew with amazing rapidity. They increased in size and strength and developed their accomplishments to such an extent that it was truly amazing. They were as playful as kittens. They rolled, wrestled and tumbled about for hours at a time, developing their muscles and strengthening themselves mentally and physically for the battle of life.

It wasn't long before they dug little play houses. The digging developed their powerful claws, and strong legs and paws. Their toes are partially webbed and they make fine shovels for the purpose of shovelling the dust while burrowing. They stop, back out, during their work and kick the dust back vigorously until they have swept all the dirt to the entrance of the hole and have sent it flying outward. Our Woodchucks shut their furry ears so tight that they are dust-proof while tun-

nelling. This is a great advantage, for no dirt or dust can enter to impair their remarkable hearing. No animal that I know of has a finer sense of hearing than the Woodchuck.

Day by day the babies grew and fattened. Old Farmer Hays had the best lettuce for miles around and, as all farmers know, that is the most tempting morsel to excite a Woodchuck's appetite. After the sun sank low and its red fire had burnt itself out in the west, and the still white moon had crept up over the pines like a wraith and sailed away on a silver trail straight through the blue of the heavens, our waddling Woodchucks crept forth by the light of the white moon's lantern, and scuddled under the ferns straight for that luring lettuce patch. The farmer got mad and swore vengeance, but it didn't do any good. They went back again the next night and ate more.

Father Woodchuck had a presentiment that something was going to happen, so he crawled out one morning at the break of day and sat on his haunches on the highest knoll in the vicinity. He espied the farmer busily engaged in a new occupation. It had to do with chains and stakes and

things. After the man had gone, he crawled, with his belly close to the ground, and investigated. An awful thing with yawning jaws met his gaze. Old 'Chuck knew it was a trap. He ran home as fast as his short legs would carry him and told the news. They gave the lettuce patch a wide berth after that.

They had timothy and clover for supper that night. In a few days they ventured into the farmer's garden again, but not for lettuce. They munched the young beets and cabbage and found them delicious. Green peas, celery and other "garden sass" gave variety to their diet and they fattened rapidly. It's a most desirable thing for a 'chuck to put on all the fat he can during the summer, for he hibernates (goes to sleep) during the fall and winter. So he needs the fat to nourish him during his long sleep. The drowsiness overtakes him the first of October, he sleeps through the cold weather and opens his eyes in the early spring. The saying goes that he crawls out on Ground Hog's day, and if he sees his shadow, he slinks back into his hole and sleeps for

another six weeks, but I will not vouch for that story.

Our friend, the Woodchuck, is the most delightful pet that can be imagined. He's gentle and loving and is easily tamed. He certainly isn't much trouble. I know a boy who has one for a pet. When the little chap hibernates, he usually goes into the cellar and seeks a dark corner for his long sleep. The boy would get curious and bring his pet upstairs into the bright light and try to arouse him, but it was no use. He "slept the sleep of the just," and nothing short of an earthquake could have awakened him. I wonder why boys ever want to kill Woodchucks? They are the most harmless and interesting animals I know. It's so much more enjoyable to tame one and have the pleasure of *knowing* him. Believe me, if you *knew* a Woodchuck, you would never want to take his life. He certainly is worth-while, and is a delightful companion.

He is reddish-brown in colour, shaded to yellowish, with brownish black feet and tail. He is so cunning when he sits upright, with his little hands drooping in front of him. He sits on his



The Woodchucks are in clover, and the little 'Chucks are so excited about the sunshine and flowers and good things to eat that one little fellow sat up on his haunches and picked his brand new teeth with a blade of grass.

Courtesy of American Museum of Natural History

haunches when he eats and takes his food in his hands and nibbles it. He belongs to the rodent (gnawers) family. When full-grown, he will weigh from eight to twelve pounds. He is about one-half the size of the porcupine.

He now takes a wife and establishes a home of his own. They choose a sunny hillside for their house. After tunnelling downward to allow for proper drainage, they begin tunnelling upward until they are about three feet below the surface. This tunnel runs about twenty-five feet in length, at the end of which is the living room. The Woodchuck's little bride brings soft grasses to line their little nest, and, presto, they have a home fit for a king. The Woodchuck is a native of New England. He is found in the United States and Canada. He is first cousin to the prairie dog, but does not live in colonies, but in pairs, as a respectable married man should live.

The Woodchuck's children are four or five in number. They are well-behaved youngsters and develop the art of taking life easy at an early age. Mr. 'Chuck doesn't exert himself too much. He usually saves himself the trouble of making a

home, by occupying the abandoned burrow of some friend or ancestor. Sometimes he ensconces himself in a good, old-fashioned stone wall, from which point of vantage, he can keep his weather eye on the farmer and his ever-suspicious dog.

So, we'll say "Good-bye" to our little furry friend and wish him a prosperous summer with plenty of greens and plantain, a bountiful store of fat with which to meet the cold, hard winter, and the long, beautiful, dreamless sleep, from which we hope he will awaken, refreshed, and rejuvenated, ready and eager to resume the "Battle of Life."

CHAPTER X
BABY SKUNKS



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BABY SKUNKS

MY first recollection of skunks is a rather painful one. During my childhood I lived at the outpost of civilisation and many of the wild animals in our vicinity were trapped for their pelts.

A canny old woodchuck had been foraging in our neighbourhood for some time. The little the old fellow took to keep soul and body together certainly wouldn't bankrupt even the humblest landlord and the pleasure of the old woodchuck's company wasn't considered at all. The plaintiff was simply "red eyed" for the woodchuck's skin, so a trap was set to catch the offender.

A cruel trap it was with yawning steel jaws hungry for the blood of the poor little trespasser.

The next morning my little brother came home in a great state of excitement conveying between gasps of hurried breaths that a "Terrible big

'chuck" had been caught in the trap and that he was a black and white one.

We both raced as fast as our short legs would carry us to the battle ground. The sight that met my eyes made me crouch beside a big rock some distance from the sufferer. With both little fore paws pinioned fast in the brutal trap, was a beautiful white and black animal with a lovely waving plume-like tail. His black eyes were dilated with pain and fear and he strggled with all his might to free himself from the *thing* that was torturing him, but it just wouldn't let go.

The belligerent party arrived on the scene and with a club crept forward to dispatch the animal but he reckoned without his host. As he lifted the club a stream of amber-coloured fluid struck him full in the face. The scent was stifling and terrible. The man, throwing both hands over his face, stumbled to the near-by stream wherein to bathe his burning eyes and clean his face from the stinking, acrid stuff. It was useless to wash his clothing. It never could be used again and a kindly burial was the only thing that remained to be done. With his fighting blood at the boil-

ing point he returned to the scene of his discomfiture and dispatched the valiant little fighter, vowing vengeance on every "pesky skunk" in the country.

The Skunk is a courageous animal. He carries himself well and seems to be proud of his personal appearance. When full-grown he is about the size of a large cat. He is shaped more like the raccoon, his hind-quarters being his tallest point. This gives him the appearance of walking on his toes. He is plantigrade (flat-footed), like the bear family. His fur is a thick, glossy black, beautifully trimmed with snow-white. A narrow white ribbon separates his jet black nose. The back of his neck and shoulders is handsomely trimmed with the same pure white. He holds his handsome, plume-like tail, with its white tassel—like a big snow-ball stuck on the end of it—very high.

In habit he is not much given to walks during the day, but takes his exercise in the early morning and evening. Our musky friend is no vegetarian, his visits to the hen house are one of his worst crimes. He has a perfectly marvellous ap-

petite for frogs, toads and serpents; with his pig-like snout sniffing cautiously he roots up snake and turtle eggs, which are a great luxury to him. He is ever on the look-out for wood mice and the eggs of birds that nest on the ground.

The babies are from six to ten in number and live in and around the burrow until the following spring. They appear to be full-grown at this time and make homes for themselves. When taken early, baby Skunks make fine pets. The Indians discovered that. So also has Dr. Merriam, who says, "They are cleanly, attractive, gentle, playful and affectionate." He writes: "These Skunks would climb up my legs and get into my arms. They liked to be caressed and never offered to bite."

Of his pet skunk "Meph" he writes: "After supper I commonly took a walk. Meph always followed close to my heels. If I chanced to walk too fast, he would scold and stamp his fore-feet; and if I persisted in keeping too far ahead, would turn about disgusted and make off in another direction. But if I stopped and called him, he would hurry along at an ambling pace and soon



Courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History

Mother Skunk has led her black and white children out of the burrow to take a peep at the world and perchance to catch a few grasshoppers. Papa Skunk sneaked out early and has brought the youngsters a fat, juicy mouse for a treat.

overtake me. We used to walk through the woods to a large meadow that abounded in grass-hoppers. Here Meph would fairly revel in his food and it was rich sport to watch his manœuvres. When a grasshopper jumped, he jumped, and I have seen him with as many as three in his mouth and two under his fore-paws at a time. He would eat so much that his over-distended little belly would drag upon the ground; and when so full he could eat no more, he would still catch and slay them. When so small he could scarcely toddle about, he never hesitated to tackle the large powerful beetle known as the 'horned bug,' and got many smart nips for his audacity. He was such a courageous little fellow it wasn't long before he learned to handle them with impunity, and it was very amusing to see him kill one. Ere many weeks he ventured to catch a mouse and the ferocity displayed in its destruction was truly astonishing. He devoured the entire body of his victim and growled and stamped his feet if any one came near before his repast was over."

The Skunk rarely uses its voice, although a baby Skunk gave Thoreau quite a severe talking

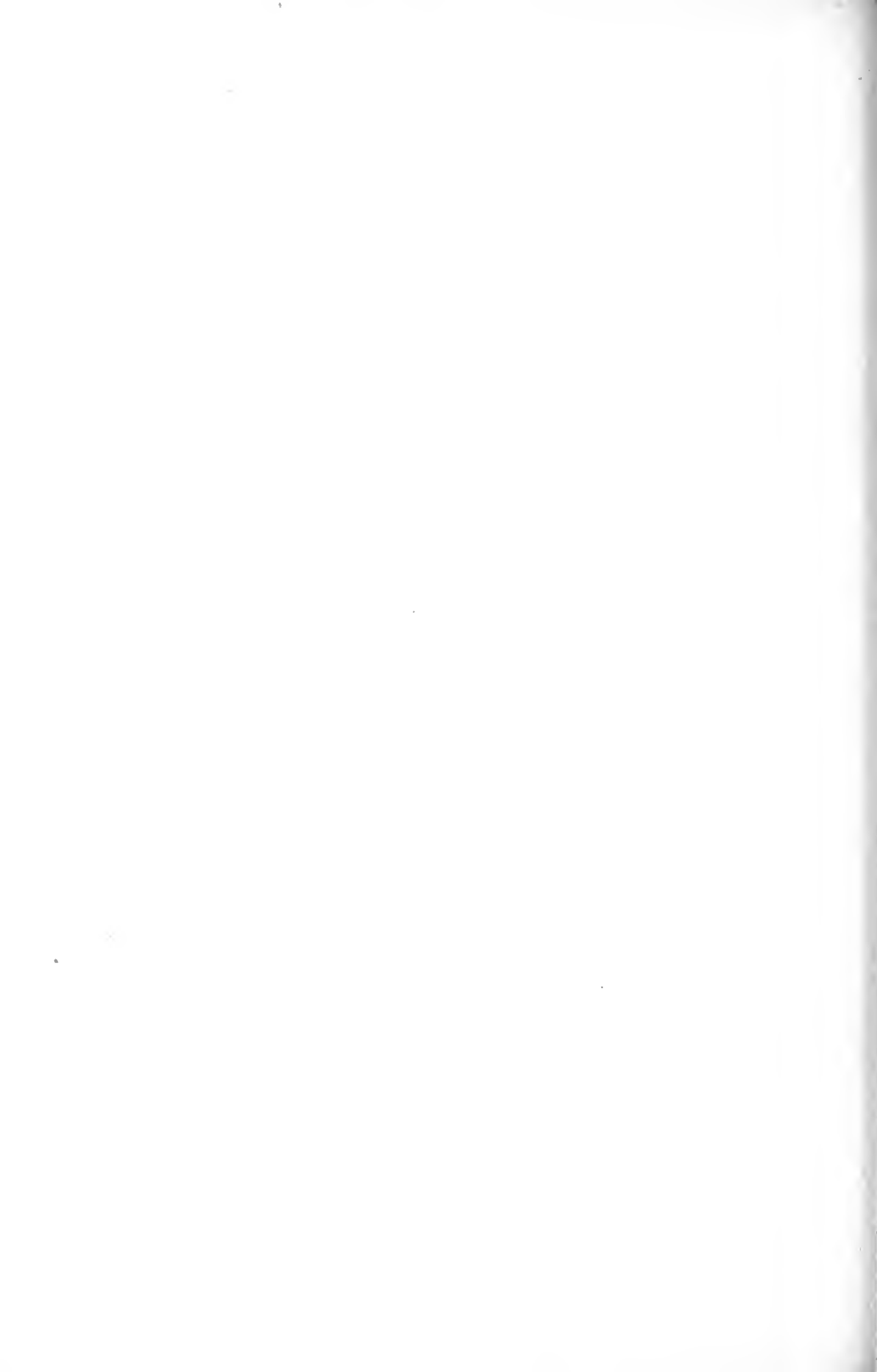
to when he stood between it and its destination; writes Thoreau: "Saw a little skunk coming up the river bank in the woods by the white oaks. A funny little fellow about six inches long and nearly as broad. It faced me and actually compelled me to retreat before it for five minutes. Perhaps I was between it and its hole. Its broad, black tail, tipped with white, was erect like a kitten's.

"It raised its back, sometimes ran a few feet forward and a few feet backwards and repeatedly turned its tail to me, prepared to discharge its fluid like the old ones. Such was its instinct and all the while it kept up a fine grunting like a little pig or a red squirrel."

The Skunk is fearless and calm in the face of danger. He is a splendid digger and can burrow out of sight in a jiffy. His "artillery" is his chief weapon of defence. That musky secretion is most painful when coming in contact with the eyes and face. Dogs howl in agony when hit with it. All the Mustelidæ have a musky smell, the mink being equal to the skunk in this respect. In the far Northeast, he is known as the "essence

peddler." Skunks are found throughout the temperate zone, northward to the Barren Lands, and in Alaska as far as the lower Yukon, and southward to Mexico. His enemies are the puma, lynx, wildcat, hawk and wolf, who stalk him for food, and man, who desires his beautiful fur and valuable oil.

The flesh is edible and is eaten by Indians and trappers. The white backed skunk of Central and South America is larger than our species; and a smaller specie is found in Texas and the Southwest and is differently marked.



CHAPTER XI
BABY TIGERS



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BABY TIGERS

THERE are no handsomer babies in the animal kingdom than the tiger babies. Their golden coats are beautifully marked with black stripes, with snow-white breast and chin, their ears are much too large for the youngsters' heads, their dear blue eyes are cloudy and uncertain, and their paws are so big and clumsy they can hardly manage them. They are such darlings one feels like taking them in one's arms and coddling them; for they are the dearest kitties in the whole wide world.

From two to four cubs are usually born in a litter, their home being a hollow log, dense thicket or a deep depression under rocks.

The Tigress is a loving and patient mother, eager to protect her little ones, and teaching them the etiquette of Tiger society with patience and gentleness. The school days of the baby tigers be-

gin shortly after birth. The first lesson consists in learning how to wash the face and hands correctly, for Tigers are very neat and will not tolerate a speck of dirt. So Mother Tiger teaches her babies to moisten their fore-paws with their own rough tongues and wash their faces with a circular motion.

Then come the more advanced lessons. Learning "to rustle" for one's dinner, to lie in ambush and pounce on an unsuspecting jungle fowl, pea fowl or small animal. Little Tigers must learn to follow the water courses, to track the game as it migrates, also to lay in wait at the water holes for their prey, and of equal importance, to learn the ways, laws and customs of jungle life. There is etiquette law and honour in wild animal domains that must be observed. So Mother Tiger is a very busy lady teaching her babies these very important lessons.

A vital point in a Tiger's education is to know how to capture a fat, juicy porcupine, and at the same time avoid the tragedy of getting wounded by the terrible quills of that formidable little beastie. When attacked, the porcupine rushes

backwards and drives his quills full force into the face and mouth of his assailant. In order to secure him without being wounded, the Tiger must leap to the side, avoiding the rush, and dispatch Mr. Prickly Porcupine with a sharp blow on the snout. The safety of baby Tigers lies in concealment. While their parents are hunting, the babies lie as still as mice in the tall grass or in the lair. The smell of the Tigers warns other animals of their nearness, and they are given a wide berth, for the presence of the parents is suspected, though they may be miles away on a hunting trip, and no beast cares to encounter the Tiger, for he is the king of the Asiatic animals and has the right of way in the jungle.

The first principle in a Tiger's education is patience. This is difficult for young animals to exercise, as well as for humans; and Mrs. Tiger often administers a sound box on the ears of her children for lack of concentration and for carelessness.

Carl Hagenbeck, the wizard of wild animal trainers, writes of a beautiful tiger, which he had in his possession for over a year. He made a

household pet of the animal, and often took him in his sitting-room without his ever causing any mischief. Mr. Hagenbeck visited his favourite every morning and caressed him. If he happened to pass his cage without noticing him, the tiger would attract his attention with a mewling sound to remind his friend that he had not spoken to him.

Regarding the supposed savageness of tigers and other carnivorous (flesh-eating animals) I can do no better than to quote Carl Hagenbeck in "Beasts and Men," page 104.

Writes Hagenbeck: "I fear that much of what I write will be received by many with incredulity; for in the popular estimation carnivores conjure up a vision of all that is faithless, savage and cruel. It is their nature in the wild state to hunt living prey and they have to kill in order to live. We are too prone to forget how many millions of animals are hunted and slaughtered both by land and sea to provide food for human beings; and it is as reasonable to accuse mankind of cruelty on this score, as it is to accuse the carnivores.



By special permission of the British Zoological Society

This tiger cub sees a friend approaching with a plate of soup. His heart beats hard and his mouth waters for fear the friend will decide to eat the soup himself.



By special permission of the British Zoological Society

Young Master Tiger wants to scrape an acquaintance with the black bear cub. The tiger's intentions are good, but the bear doesn't know it. His eyes are starting from their sockets with fright when the tiger sniffs his nose and says, "Hello, Kid."



"Carnivores love their young just as we do, and can also be affectionate and faithful. Of course we come across black sheep, but that is due either to their having been caught when adult or to their being victims of bad rearing.

"All carnivores, without exception, when they are caught young and are properly treated are capable of being brought up as domestic pets."

The Tiger *can* be tamed and made a pet. The Hindu priests often have tamed tigers and lead them about in chains. A well known moving picture firm has a Tiger that poses for pictures. When not working he roams at will about the studios and is petted by the actors. He purrs like a cat when pleased and shows his delight by licking their hands with his big, rough tongue. I know a pretty Tigress whose name is Alice. She was never handled by man until three years old, and appeared to be quite savage. At first she resented being petted; but now she is gentle and shows affection for those who love her. Alice has a cunning little baby whom she loves to distraction. She is so afraid something may harm him, that whenever he approaches the front of the

cage she takes him by the nape of the neck and carries him to the rear, sitting between him and the spectators, always on the watch to protect her little one.

The Tiger is an Asiatic animal. He is common in India, central Asia, and some of the great Asiatic islands. He is from six to eight feet in length, and sometimes even ten or twelve feet. The Tiger has no mane, but has big tufts of hair on each side of his jaw. The head is short and round, and very cat-like in aspect. He is a royal beast and feared by all other animals and by man.

CHAPTER XII
THE BABY DUCK-BILLED
PLATYPUS AND ECHIDNA



CHAPTER XII

THE BABY DUCK-BILLED PLATYPUS AND ECHIDNA

FROM Australia, the Land of Topsy-Turvy, comes the Duck-billed Platypus. In appearance, our duck-billed friend is a contradiction of all a self-respecting animal should be. He is about the size of a prairie dog with soft, dark brown fur similar to an otter's, but instead of having a perfectly proper mouth and feet, as should be expected of him, he contradicts our expectations and shocks us by having a bill like a duck, webbed feet, and lays eggs like a bird, leaving us mystified and wondering which he is—bird or beast?

The mother Platypus lays her eggs in a burrow, and broods them like a bird. The eggs are two in number, measuring three inches in length by two-thirds of an inch in diameter. The shells of the eggs are flexible, like snake or turtle egg shells.

She selects the bank of a deep fresh water pool for her nest, her habits being much like our friend the muskrat's. Under these happy conditions the babies are hatched.

Can you imagine anything more amazing than to witness such an astounding revelation as a four-legged animal emerging from an egg shell? But the Platypus doesn't stop at this point. She takes the helpless, blind and hairless little baby, with his stumpy little beak, to her breast and suckles it, thus proving herself to be a full-fledged mammal.

The development of the babies is wonderful to witness. They grow a coat of soft dark brown fur, which in due time is protected by an outer coat of stiff, dark, wiry hair. For a time the bill of the Platypus is armed with teeth of a very peculiar shape, found in no other animal. The skin around and under the teeth rapidly hardens until it becomes a horny-like substance, by which time the roots are absorbed and the crowns are shed. After this unusual process has taken place, the creature grinds its food by means of the horny pads which constitute the bill.

The food is finely crushed by means of the



Permission of New York Zoological Society

This spiny Echidna has the body of a porcupine, the bill of a bird, and lays eggs. Is it a bird or beast or a Chinese puzzle?



After the National Geographic Magazine

The Duck-billed Platypus has the body of an otter, the bill of a duck, and webbed feet; it builds a nest and lays eggs. It also has the pouch of a kangaroo and as soon as its new-born four-footed babies are hatched it picks them up with its bill and puts them in its pouch for safety. What's the answer?

cross-ridged plates of the lower jaw and the roof of the mouth.

The baby Platypus is full of fun and as playful as a kitten.

The developed Platypus is thirteen inches in length, with a tail five inches long, and is about as large as a prairie dog.

The front feet are webbed quite beyond the ends of the toes, and when this fellow digs, the outer web is rolled well back underneath the foot so as to expose the claws. The hind feet are webbed only to the claws, and each is armed with a long, sharp spur, said to be connected with a poison gland.

The tail is broad and flattened, covered with hair on the upper side and nearly naked below.

The Platypus is found in Australia *only*.

The Echidna is first cousin to the Platypus, and second cousin to the Kangaroo. There are two groups of Echidna—the five-toed, which inhabit Australia, Tasmania and New Guinea; and the three-toed, which comprise two species and are found *only* in New Guinea.

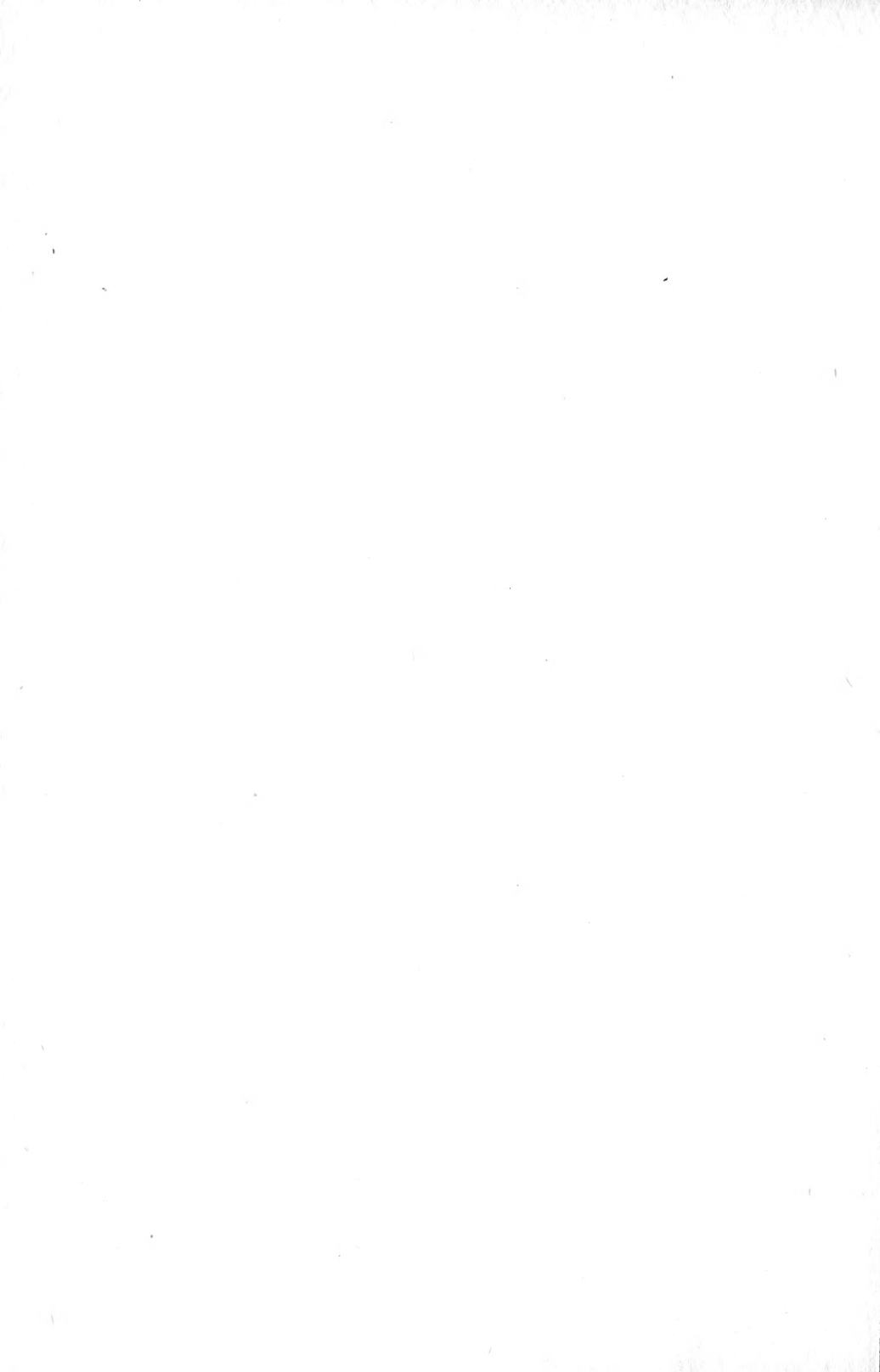
The bodies of the five-toed group are set with

spines, like a porcupine's. They have long slender beaks, which they use with dexterity.

The Echidna has a pouch or deep pocket in her body like the Kangaroo. She lays eggs, two in number, picks them up with her beak and drops them in her pouch, where they are hatched. After the babies are out of the shells, they are suckled in the pouch.

I suggest to anxious parents, who earnestly desire to keep the small boy out of mischief, that they import a Platypus or Echidna from Topsy-Turvy Land, where the habits and appearance of the animals are as contrary to our expectations as that most interesting land itself.

CHAPTER XIII
BABY KANGAROOS



CHAPTER XIII

BABY KANGAROOS

FROM Australia, the Land of Topsy-Turvy, comes that most interesting animal, the Kangaroo. This beautiful and wonderful creature has a pocket in her furry coat.

We haven't a dressmaker in the whole human race who could improve on Mrs. Kangaroo's pocket. It's a work of art and very practical. It is furnished with a strong elastic muscle which acts as a neat draw string. It puckers it so tightly that the smallest object couldn't possibly fall out. It can be opened widely or puckered to suit the taste.

And in this wonderful pocket is where baby Kangaroo lives until he is big enough to fend for himself. The baby Kangaroo appears during the winter. Mother Kanga drops him in the warm nest when he is so tiny he is scarcely an inch long, and no thicker than a lead pencil. He is hairless

and blind and has no features to speak of—in fact he is no larger than a baby mouse.

This baby is so tiny and helpless it is unable to move for weeks, not even to take nourishment without its mother's assistance. After a time it acquires a furry coat, grows strong enough to move about, gets plump and—and presto! One day out pops a little head from the magic pocket and baby Kangaroo takes his first peep at the beautiful green world.

I wonder what he thinks of it all after the snug life he has been leading in the quiet of his little pocket home? After a time he gets accustomed to the ways of the world and puts his little paws outside too.

While his mother eats the sweet green grass, he takes a little nibble now and then, and after some experience he gets to be quite a vegetarian.

One day he gets his courage screwed up to the proper pitch and hops out of the pocket and walks on the grass. It tickles his feet but he likes it. The fresh earth is cooling and fragrant. Then he takes tiny hops in imitation of his mother's way of travelling. It is lots of fun to bounce over the



After the National Geographic Magazine

The Kangaroo is the pugilist of the animal kingdom. He would rather box than eat.



“Old Boomer” or the great grey Kangaroo, sits up on his hind legs, and balances on his strong tail. His front paws are ready for action and he is longing for a boxing bout.



Mother Kangaroo puts her child in her pouch and takes it for a joy ride. Here is the original perambulator and this perfect model for a baby carriage has never been equalled by the human race.

ground like a rubber ball sustained by a pair of strong hind legs.

He uses his forepaws dexterously like hands and in time will be able to box like a master of that sport.

The Kangaroo is naturally an adept at the art of boxing, as a sea lion is at juggling. Both animals are clever at these sports even in the wild state.

Have you never seen a boxing Kangaroo in a show? He does his act as scientifically as any performer, and it takes a clever man to put the gloves on and hold his own with a Kangaroo.

At the first sign of danger, the little chap's mother stoops down, opens the pouch, chucks the baby in headfirst and leaps away to safety.

In the security of his snug surroundings, he wriggles around into an upright position and pokes out a cunning little head, set with two brilliant, mischievous eyes. He is entitled to ride in the pocket until another baby comes, or until he gets so big he is too heavy to carry, and then he loses out. There is nothing left then but to hop at his mother's side. He leaves the pouch for

good when about ten months old. He is a timid animal and goes at great speed when alarmed. A full-grown Kangaroo has been known to cover a distance of twenty-five feet at one stride. The usual length is ten feet.

These animals are threatened with extinction. They have been so mercilessly hunted. The Kangaroo is peculiar to Australia and there are many species—the great grey, or “Boomer,” is the largest, and is found more or less all over the country. It stands between four and five feet and weighs close to two hundred pounds. The red Kangaroo is the handsomest of the Kangaroo family. It is about four feet high and covered with brick red, fine, silky hair.

There are several small species called Wallabies, and the smallest species is known as the Rat Kangaroo. They average about fourteen inches in length.

The kangaroos are the most highly developed of their race (marsupial or pouched animals). They inhabit Australia, New Guinea and Tasmania. The majority of them live on the grassy plains and a few dwell in trees.

They are harmless and inoffensive, but are prepared to defend themselves with a powerful hind claw which is used for ripping the adversary.

In habits they resemble sheep or fallow deer. They are timid and shy, and their hearing and sight are very acute. They are clean and have camping grounds and well trodden runs.

They travel in droves and are quite sociable among themselves.

Their food consists of small shrubs, heather grass and small plants. They are strictly herbivorous.

The tail of a "Boomer" or "Old Man," as it is sometimes called by the natives, is from thirty to thirty-six inches long and very powerful. It is used as a balancer, and helps wonderfully in the long leaps these animals travel with. They are nocturnal in habit and sleep during the day. But even this doesn't protect them from hunters who shoot them for food and for their skins. The flesh is called venison and is considered good.

The Kangaroo is kind and gentle when tamed, and very interesting.

CHAPTER XIV
BABY ROCKY MOUNTAIN GOATS

CHAPTER XIV

BABY ROCKY MOUNTAIN GOATS *

I THINK the Rocky Mountain goat is one of the most interesting animals on the North American Continent. In appearance he is extraordinary; in colour pure white; in mind a philosopher, and in habit an acrobat.

One, and sometimes two, baby goats are born at a time. At a tender age the goat follows his mother up beyond the timberline into the rocky

* When I was four years old we lived in an old cabin in a long abandoned mining camp in the Sierra Nevadas of Northern California. Prior to our moving into it, the old cabin had been for years a shelter for wild animals. One stormy night, a few days after we took possession, the latch string was violently jerked, and a huge Rocky Mountain Goat entered with a dignified air of ownership. He was stupefied when he discovered that his old shelter was occupied, and as soon as he could collect his wits he fled madly up the mountainside. He was frightened and so was I; but we had aroused each other's curiosity, and the next day I began trailing the goats. The incidents related are of my experiences with them.

heights of the mountains, and in a short time he learns to leap from crag to crag over ravines and gullies with the ease of a chamois. This youngster soon acquires a fleetness of foot, a steadiness of purpose and a gift of reasoning that mark him the general of the hoof animals. When pursued by his enemies he finds a line of retreat where nothing can follow except an eagle or an aëroplane. He is the best rock climber of the hoofed fellows, and, excepting the musk-ox, is the only ungulate (hoofed animal) not panic-stricken by dogs.

Deer, sheep and elk sometimes jump to their deaths when attacked, but not so with Mr. Mountain Goat. He plans his campaign like the general he is, and woe unto the dogs that fall victims to his cyclonic charges and the vicious stabs from his razor-like horns. His sharp hoofs soon reduce an enemy to pulp and he is left victorious, the monarch of all he surveys.

The dangers mountain goats face are many. The mother goats are courageous protectors and devoted to their little ones. They guard them

against the onslaughts of prowling wolves, pumas, bears and man.

The mountain goat must be ever on the alert. Freshets, avalanches and snow-slides are a few of the dangers he has to guard against. The mountain goat is an adult at two years. He is very impressive now in appearance, and has marked characteristics. His high shoulders and low hindquarters, stocky legs, thick-set body and shaggy head carried low are bison-like in outline. But his white colour marks him as of a widely different species. His features consist of small short horns, long comical face, and a black patch of musty, oily skin, the size of a half dollar, back of each horn.

I want to tell you my personal experience with baby mountain goats that began when I was a little kiddie four years old. At that time we lived on the outpost of civilisation in the heart of the Sierra Nevadas. There were no children there and except for my own family I was without human companionship. It was the most natural thing in the world that I should turn to the wild life for a playmate. The antics of the wild goats

filled me with wonder and delight, and secretly I resolved to get acquainted with them. It didn't take me long to discover the broad shelf of rock, half-way down the mountainside, where the herd camped at night. One cold morning I made them a call and stampeded them. Their alarm at my presence didn't discourage me in the least, so the next morning I called again. They soon grew to know me and to realise there wasn't much to fear from a toddling youngster four years old, so in a short time we became great friends.

It was their custom to climb the mountain at sunrise in search of food. The tiny baby goats were left unprotected while their mothers sought the heights for the precious herbage that was so scarce during the early spring. I acted as nurse during their absence.

I would gather the goats in my chubby arms and trudge back to the cabin with them, caring for them for several hours until I heard the bleats of the returning mothers. Then I would hasten back with the babies and give them over to their mothers' care. The number of babies



Permission of New York Zoological Society

Mountain Goats can climb anything, from a dizzy mountain crag to the roof of a building.



Permission of New York Zoological Society

Anyone who butted in to get the little goat would, no doubt, be butted out in a hurry. The mother in the picture hasn't lost her goat and evidently doesn't intend to.

increased so rapidly that my entire mornings were spent carrying little goats from the shelf of rock to the cabin and back again. Among the new ones was a dear little beauty of superior intelligence and a sweet, affectionate disposition. I named her Bonnie Bell and chose her for my own pet. She became so attached to me she would follow me home of her own accord, and loved me as devotedly as a puppy. She was white as snow, her hair was long and silky, and her eyes a soft hazel and very expressive. She had cunning little hoofs, and looked quite a bit like a lamb. I gave her a blue ribbon collar and fed her condensed milk from a spoon. If we ran short of milk, she sucked my finger for a substitute.

At this time the wolves became troublesome. Their howls made the night hideous and the days lost their charm with those sly marauders skulking through the brush. The mother goats became worried about leaving the babies to go for the herbage that grew on the peaks, but hunger forced them. For several mornings all was well with the little ones. I was on the spot

as soon as the sun was over the hills. I gathered the little goats up and one by one I carried them to the cabin. One morning I overslept. The sun was high in the heavens when I arose. I hurriedly dressed and made my way to the goat camp. A tragedy met me. The villainous wolves had been there and wantonly killed my baby goats. Bonnie Bell's little body lay before me. The blue ribbon helped me to identify her. Only two little goats were left alive. I took them home with me and cried my heart out in my mother's arms.

That all happened many years ago, but my love for Bonnie Bell lives on in my heart of hearts. Whenever I see mountain goats the vision of her fleecy white form and soft hazel eyes shining out from the little white face comes up before me, and in fancy I hear the silvery beat of her little hoofs as she hurries down the trail on her wobbly legs to meet me.

CHAPTER XV
BABY GORILLAS

CHAPTER XV

BABY GORILLAS

MY friend accused me of being a social climber because I spent two months trying to get an introduction to Dinah, the baby Gorilla who had come from distant Africa to make her home in our city. I stood before her cage a good four hours after our introduction hobnobbing with the little black princess, who was friendly and permitted me to hold her very human looking hand and stroke her furry head.

She is the third Gorilla that has been brought to America and she seems well contented so far. She loves her keeper, who fondles and indulges her, but cries bitterly when he puts her back in her cage after they have romped together on the cool green grass.

She takes a ride each day in her baby carriage wheeled by her chief attendant. She wears a

white silk baby's bonnet and a white coat trimmed with fur and a little fur foot robe to keep her feet warm while on these daily airings.

When she returns she has her dinner served by a special waiter. She is two years old and eats everything. Her dinner consists of soup, hot roast beef and gravy, fresh bread, oranges, apples, pineapples or bananas for dessert. Dinah rolls her brown eyes with pleasure when a banana is given her. I think that it is her favourite fruit.

She takes her soup with a spoon and is learning to handle a knife and fork. She insists on having a napkin.

She is very fond of eggs and eats two for her breakfast every morning. She holds the egg in her hand and after chipping off the end lifts it to her mouth and drinks it.

Dinah takes bread and milk for her supper. She eats it from a bowl with her own silver spoon.

For several months Dinah suffered from that dreaded disease, infantile paralysis, but, thanks to medical science and her wonderful nurse, she has recovered. During her illness she was confined in a large airy room with two little dogs

for company. Now she is able to clamber over the foot of her bed and romp with the dogs. She holds her own with them in a rough-and-tumble scuffle.

Dinah loves children. She climbs on her window-sill and looks longingly at the youngsters. Then she beats her head on the windowpane to attract attention and waves her little hand in her most fetching manner. She has a kind, sweet disposition and is very affectionate to those she is acquainted with.

I am glad to be able to tell you of these pleasant incidents I've witnessed in Gorilla society because the Gorilla has a black reputation. He is known as the largest, fiercest and ugliest of apes. He is feared equally by animals and humans. His voice is peculiar and strikes terror to the bravest heart. It begins with a sharp, short bark, like an angry dog's, then glides into a deep bass roll which resembles the roar of distant thunder.

In appearance he is the nearest approach to man of the apes. *He is the only ape* who walks erect without being taught and who spends a considerable time on the ground. In bulk he is

larger than the average man and has arms and chest of enormous proportions. The face and hands are bare and the head and body covered with grizzly grey hair.

A German trader gives the dimensions of a Gorilla that was shot and photographed in Africa near the equator. It measured sixty-six inches in height and weighed five hundred pounds. It took twelve men to carry it from the jungle.

A Gorilla is full grown at fourteen years.

On account of his independent disposition, the Gorilla usually dies very shortly after being captured. He refuses to eat and dies of starvation.

Dinah is the third Gorilla to reach the United States. The other two died within a few days. She was taken when a tiny baby and taught the ways of man while she was too little to resist him. She likes mankind and has a real jolly time with us.

After all, the spirit of God is in even the fiercest of his creatures, but it takes understanding and love to *know* the spirit.

CHAPTER XVI
BABY CANADA LYNX



CHAPTER XVI

BABY CANADA LYNX

COME with me into Canada or the northern United States and we'll visit Mr. and Mrs. Lynx in their lair. We'll go into the great silent woods peopled by the forest folk, who have come through the long white winter with its bitter cold and scarcity of food, and now are enjoying the soft spring days with their warmth and abundant food.

A wail like the cry of a woman cuts the silence and we recognise Mrs. Lynx's voice. The print of her broad foot guides us to her home. An old log presents itself and we peep in and there lie two reddish brown little kitties, handsomely spotted, snuggled away in the hollow log. We are looking at the Lynx children. They are blind at first like our domestic kittens.

In appearance they are not much different from the kittens of the backyard, only they are

bigger and clumsier and their paws are big and their tails are so little and short they are mere stubs.

Their weak little legs can't support their squat plump bodies at first, but in a few days they try to crawl about and in a few weeks they are pretty lively for little fellows.

It was a happy day in their little home when Mother Lynx led them out of the hollow log into the beautiful warm sunshine.

The little ones blinked their blue eyes and rolled about on the soft grass. Their father watched them with a proud light in his eyes, and no doubt he thought them the handsomest and smartest kittens in the whole world.

They waddled about on their sprawling short legs until they were so tired they were glad when their mother picked them up and carried them into the dim hollow log.

Mother Lynx catches wild mice and brings them home to her babies, just as old Tabby Cat does, and the kittens spit and growl and worry them in the most approved fashion. It isn't long before the Lynx kittens can catch their own mice

and some fat grasshoppers for dessert. Then they get strong and nimble enough to catch a chipmunk; and I assure you it's a proud day in the hollow log home when the babies come trotting in with a rabbit.

They grow strong with exercise and are soon able to follow their parents up the tallest trees, over rough ground and through the dense thickets.

Their mother is an excellent teacher but a very strict one. The first principle to be learned is to ask no questions, and obey promptly. When mother gives the signal to "lie still" a kitten must not move, even if the life is scared half out of him. He must learn what food is good for him and what is not. A prickly porcupine is to be let alone, but sometimes a growing youngster's appetite gets the better of his judgment and his mouth waters for a taste of juicy Porky. Later he wishes he had listened to reason, when he gets a whack from old Porky's tail across the nose. His face is driven full of those deadly quills, and he jumps around like a crazy creature, tearing madly at his face with his big paws. If he succeeds in

getting them out, he is lucky. If they stick in his eyes they are apt to penetrate his brain and kill him instantly; and if they blind him he is left to the terrible fate of starvation. A blind Lynx is worse than no Lynx at all.

By autumn our babies are getting to be quite respectable looking young Lynxes. Smart black tassels are beginning to sprout at the tips of their ears, giving their round faces a piquant expression. A thick whisker under the chin gives character and dignity to their appearance. Their paws are big and broad and are well adapted to walking on the snow. Their hind quarters are big and powerful and their heads are round and very cat-like in aspect. They are becoming a shadowy grey in colour but are still woolly looking. On their sides the hair grows particularly long to protect them when they travel through the light snow.

Their big paws are set with long white claws, cruelly curved. The kittens stand on their hind-feet and sharpen the claws of their fore-feet on a tree trunk, getting them ready for business.

You know a Lynx's teeth are not adapted for



Permission of New York Zoological Society

He's a full-fledged Canada Lynx now, with smart black tassels on his ears, a thick whisker under his chin, and a neat bob-tail, and, Oh, my! how he can fight.



Courtesy of New York Zoological Society

Baby Canada Lynx looks like a Tabby cat, except for those little black tassels sprouting on the tips of his ears.

vegetable food. He can subsist only on meat.

I think it takes a pretty smart baby of five or six months of age to go out alone in the great snow-covered forest and make his own living, don't you?

Our Lynx has many enemies—large wild animals, men with guns, but worse than all the terrible steel trap. There is no terror so keen as to get a paw caught in those cruel jaws. The only way to get free is to gnaw off one's own paw; and it takes a good deal of courage to do that. So the Lynx is taught at a very early age how to smell out the traps and avoid them.

The Canada Lynx is often called the Catamount, and Lucivee, the latter name being a corruption of the French Loupcervier, meaning deer-wolf. This Lynx is the original Lynx of the Far North. It is found in Scandinavia, northern Russia, Siberia, Alaska and Canada. In the Arctic it reaches great size. Some specimens measure more than fifty inches in length. Farther south, they rarely exceed forty inches.

In colour, our Canada fellow is a grizzled grey, with a varying hint of reddish or brownish. This

tinge of contrasting colour is more pronounced in summer than in winter. Lynxes who live in high, dry countries are much lighter than those of damp, foggy countries. Ingersoll says:

“Those inhabiting the northern shores of the Mediterranean sea are redder and more spotted. They are strongly spotted when babies. This Lynx is the same as our southern variety and is called the pardine Lynx. One species of Lynx is found throughout Africa.” The Canada Lynx rarely ranges south of Lake Superior. It is found in Quebec, New Brunswick and Maine. The skins are much sought after by the Indians and the big fur posts of the North. The Bay Lynx is first cousin to the Canada Lynx.

He certainly is the handsomest animal on the North American continent. He is smaller and more spotted than his big relative of the North. He is a beautiful reddish brown colour, with a face like a big tabby cat. He has fine large mustachios and a thick whisker under his chin; but the ear tassels of the Canada Lynx are missing. His feet are very small and dainty for such a big strapping fellow. They are not splayed and furry

like the Canada Lynx's. He is a great fighter and very courageous. He is smaller than the Canada Lynx and has a cunning bob-tail. He is about thirty-five inches in length.

The Bay Lynx is known as the Wild Cat, Bob Cat and Indian Devil. This animal can be easily tamed, but must be kept out in the open, winter and summer. He does not thrive in artificially heated rooms. He makes a delightful pet, is loving, gentle and easily tamed.

Whenever I look into his fathomless yellow eyes, I long for a home in the woodlands where I could keep several Lynxes and other wild babies, and get acquainted and become friendly with them. Their companionship must be a rare treat and well worth while.



CHAPTER XVII
BABY LLAMAS



CHAPTER XVII

BABY LLAMAS

I HAVE enjoyed the friendship of but one baby Llama. It was an experience worth while and one I love to dwell on. She was a little beauty dressed in a white silky coat with a couple of smart dark splotches on her neck for adornment. I called them beauty spots, and because of them I christened her "Beauty."

Nearly all baby wild animals have no sense of fear and "Beauty" was no exception to the rule. She must have been a month old before she took it into her pretty head to become shy and distrustful of strangers. Up to that time everybody was a "good fellow" in her estimation; but after she entertained fear thoughts, she became timid in the presence of unfamiliar faces and was more difficult to get acquainted with. I was glad that I got to know her from the very first day of her mortal existence.

The first time I saw her she lay weakly on a pile of straw, her long clumsy legs—shaped like those of a lamb—folded beneath her. They were too weak to support her little body. Her pretty hazel eyes were expressive and questioning, her long pointed ears were sharply upright, and eager to catch the sounds that were new and strange to her.

I wondered what her impressions were of our world in which she found herself, and hoped she thought us pleasant and agreeable.

On the second day, she stood on her wobbly legs and walked a few steps. She looked like a toy rather than a living, breathing little animal. Her movements were jerky and funny, but she persevered. Finally she reached her little pile of straw and sank down in a heap. She had made her first effort to accomplish something and had succeeded. No wonder she looked satisfied. Her mother showed her appreciation by gently licking her. A kiss is a noble expression of appreciation, and the animals realise it quite as much as we do.

So "Beauty's" mother praised her in her dear, dumb way, and no doubt it helped her make

another effort. "Beauty" grew with amazing rapidity. It wasn't many months before she was the plumpest and daintiest creature it has been my pleasure to meet. And with her physical growth developed some of the most remarkable mental traits I have ever witnessed in the animal world.

"Beauty" was a born coquette. If she couldn't flirt with any one else, she would "make eyes" at Toby the zebra, and toss her pretty head and strut and prance and give herself the airs of a fine young lady.

She was just as gracious to Mike, the elephant, and Caliph, the fat old hippo, as she was to Toby; so you can see that the zebra wasn't especially favoured. "Beauty" was particularly vain about her tail. It was a wonderful tail. But what puzzled me about the whole matter was how "Beauty" found it out. She had never glimpsed her reflection in the water, nor to my knowledge had any one told her of that fluffy bit of beauty she possessed. But she was conscious of it every minute of the day. She would walk back and forth, using her legs rather gingerly (young

llamas have that apparent stiffness in the knees that lambs have), with her dainty white tail held proudly, her pretty neck arched and little head held coquettishly on one side, her bright eyes flashing right and left, lavishing Toby, Mike and Caliph with her flirtatious glances. She was the darling of her "set" and she knew it.

One day her mother decided not to contribute to "Beauty's" diet any longer. In place of a warm drink of milk she got a cuff and a bite on the neck. The little creature was stunned with disappointment. She tried later to make friends with her mother, but each attempt was frustrated, so Beauty went back to her hay with a heavy heart in her breast.

It seems to be a law in Llama land that mothers must be "cruel only to be kind"; so that the children will be strong, self-reliant and able to fend for themselves. "Beauty" was an aristocrat in Llama land. She was pure white—which is a rare thing. She was daintily made and carried herself like a young princess.

A "belle" has a great deal to be proud of and the right to expect much. She demanded a lot

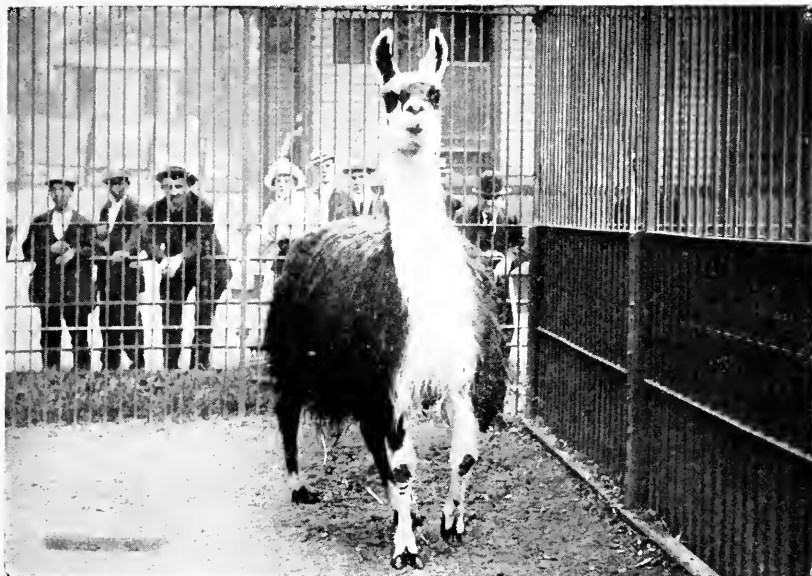


Photo by A. W. Schaad

I wouldn't like to tease this old Llama, for all the Llama family have a dreadful habit of expectorating at anyone who happens to offend them.

of attention and got it. We wished that we might give her more, we were so fond of her. One day she took a fancy to a young zebu. The little creature was promptly transferred to "Beauty's" stall, where he was received with caresses and affection. The zebu was permitted to remain. She treated him much the same as a young lady does a lap dog—and never seemed to tire of petting him.

South America is the home of the Llama. They became domesticated beasts of burden by the natives of Peru, centuries before the Spanish conquest. Only the males carry the burdens. The females are kept for their milk, and to care for the young.

When loading the animals, the weight must not be more than they can carry, else the Llama will lie down and refuse to rise until the weight is lightened. The load is rarely more than 100 pounds.

In the mountains of Peru large herds still exist. Long trains, guided by Indians, carry ore from the mines, feeding as they travel. They will not graze if turned out after the day is done. A large

flock of these animals is a handsome sight. When resting, they make a singing sound peculiar to the species.

Llamas are not noted for their sweet tempers. They are easily irritated, and when angry, have a nasty habit of spitting in the face of any one with whom they happen to be offended. The Indians of South America understand them better than any one else.

They fondle and pet them and adorn their necks and ears with tinkling bells and bright coloured ribbons. Before loading, they caress and play with them, getting them into excellent humour before departing on a long journey.

If while travelling the Llama lies down, the arriero kneels beside him and coaxes the animal with expressions of endearment. The warm climate is hard on them, because of their heavy coats and many die before they can return to the mountains.

The average Llama is three feet three inches high at the shoulder, and four and one-half to five feet to the top of the head. He is brown

and white, brown, black and yellow, variegated, but seldom all white or all black. The wool is inferior to that of his cousin, the alpaca, and the flesh is stringy.



CHAPTER XVIII
BABY FOXES



CHAPTER XVIII

BABY FOXES

LITTLE baby Foxes are darlings. Their faces are round and chubby, set with eyes as bright as beads. Their little bodies are fat and round, and their fur is soft, woolly and abundant. From five to six is the usual number born in a litter. They are born blind as little kittens are. As they mature, the face grows pointed, the tail develops into a handsome brush, the legs lengthen and the little fat body takes on a longer and more graceful outline.

The mother fox is very devoted to her babies. With great caution she keeps them safely hidden in the burrow whenever there is the slightest danger of their presence being discovered. When convinced that there are no prowlers lurking about, she leads them out of their murky, dark burrow up into the green world. She encourages them to dig in the soft, warm earth and get the

use of their helpless little paws. Then she leads them into the cool grass and teaches them to pounce onto fat grasshoppers and juicy crickets. The wood mice, moles and shrews are the first real game the little fellows try to stalk. It is not long before they can leap onto a Mollie Cotton-tail rabbit and dispatch her.

Little foxes are playful and good natured, and take kindly to other animals, unless excited by their parents' aversion to the creature. They are very keen and learn the ethics of animal existence and the laws of the wild very quickly. Our Chinese cook caught a baby fox in a kind of trap known as the figure 4. The fox was not bruised in this trap—was taken home and treated with kindness. He showed affection for humans, especially for the Chinaman who fed and cared for him. He became as devoted as a brother and showed no inclination to escape. However, I expect, when he matures, he will become lonely for his own kind, and long to join them.

I know a baby fox who is the pet of a friend of mine. This little fox's name is Reynard, and he is the favoured member of the family. He

has a pretty chain and collar and wears it gracefully. He loves to go riding in the automobile with the family. He runs about the house at will and romps with the children and he has a little mattress of his own and sleeps on the fire escape. Reynard is especially fond of the baby and the kitten. He gets excited at the sight of a chicken with feathers on it.—I suppose it's an instinct inherited from his poultry-loving ancestors whose nocturnal visits to the chicken coop are an old but sad story.

The fox is an omnivorous feeder. Anything from a fat goose to a cluster of sweet grapes or berries makes a strong appeal to his sensitive palate. The wild wood mice, rabbits, partridges, wild ducks, with an occasional taste of wild honey —(when he can steal it without getting too badly stung) make up his favourite diet. When stung by angry bees, he makes for the brook and plasters his wounds with mud and clay to draw out the poison. In times of stress he has been known to tackle the formidable porcupine and dispatch it without injury from the terrible quills of that much dreaded little beast. When attacked, the

porcupine rolls himself into a ball with his tender nose hidden between his strong paws. The belly of the porcupine is not protected by quills. Mr. Fox, with his marvellous cunning, knows this. So, with a great pretence of making a hole for himself in the snow, he digs with all his might and main a few feet from Mr. Porcupine. After burrowing a few feet, he begins tunnelling upward directly under the creature. With an upward leap and a vicious snap, he bites clear through the heart of the prickly fellow. It's an easy job to rip the skin open on the soft little stomach and finish the repast.

In the bitter winter weather, Mr. Fox's keen nose discovers the scent of the partridge, who has burrowed in the snow to keep warm. So our cunning fox begins digging madly for the juicy morsel. Sometimes Old Lady Partridge is too shrewd for this cunning fellow, and makes a rapid exit with her powerful wings, leaving him chagrined and ashamed of being outwitted by a mere bird. Foxes relish birds' eggs and hunt the woods assiduously for this delicate tid-bit.

When pursued by dogs, the Fox covers his trail



Courtesy of American Museum of Natural History

Mama Red Fox has brought her children their first chicken. I am afraid Farmer Jones will be looking for her with a gun. Can you remember your first chicken?



Permission of American Museum of Natural History

After knowing this dear little, furry, white baby, would you care to wear a Baby Arctic Fox skin around your neck?

with the utmost cunning; and, doubling back over the trail, he will swim a river when sore pressed, although he doesn't like the water.

A fox pursued by dogs has been known to leap onto a low shed roof, run the length of it, leap onto a cow shed, and with a bound spring to the ground, thus breaking the trail. A fox, when pursued, will never run toward his den, but will run away from it as far as possible. He uses every precaution to protect his family from danger and, when cornered, he fights with courage that is well-nigh heroic. He is not a coward, but will take the most desperate chances imaginable. Mr. Fox is the gambler of the animal kingdom.

There are two groups of North American foxes—the red and the grey fox. Under the red fox group comes our wise old friend—the Red Fox proper, recognised by his yellowish red coat, handsome brush and neat, brownish black legs. His paws are clean cut and prettily shaped.

The black, or silver fox, whose fur is so much in vogue, is well nigh priceless. The term "silver fox" is applied to this handsome creature because of the snow-white tip of his tail. Other-

wise, he is jet black, with the exception of a few white-tipped hairs.

Next comes the Arctic, or Blue Fox, whose coat changes with the seasons. In the Far North the Arctic fox is pure white all the year around, but farther south, he is white during the winter and bluish brown in summer. In the Aleutian Islands of Alaska, this fox remains bluish brown all the year round, and is known only as the Blue Fox. Climatic conditions make wonderful changes in the colour of the fox's coat.

The handsome cross Fox belongs to the Red Fox group and is by far the most beautiful fox in the world. He takes on the beauty points of all other foxes, and will some day receive the credit he deserves. He is marked by black legs and under parts, steel grey body and head, a bushy, black tail with a silver tip and a dark brownish cross on his shoulder. There is a reddish patch behind the fore leg, and another at the side of the neck. The Hall Island, Kit Fox, Kadiak, Newfoundland, Plains and large-eared fox come under the Red Fox group.

"The Grey Fox is the fox of the South, but it

ranges far North into the home of the Red Fox. He is a handsome grey, shaded to brown, and is very agile. When pursued, he can climb a tree to the height of twenty-five feet or more. Five sub-species of the Grey Fox extend throughout the Southern United States from Florida to California. There are several other species of foxes recognised." (Hornaday.)

CHAPTER XIX
BABY LIONS

CHAPTER XIX

BABY LIONS

DO you know that baby lions are spotted with black spots and resemble leopards more than they do lions? They also have black stripes on their backs very much like tigers. The spots and stripes prove to us how closely the lion is related to the leopard and the tiger, who are also members of the big cat family.

Lions are born in the late spring or early summer. They are born blind, like kittens. There are from two to four in a litter. And on a single occasion that I know of, there were six in the family, the largest number I have ever known. The eyes open on the second or third day and are of a beautiful soft brown colour, for all the world like a collie puppy's.

They have overgrown, clumsy paws, with sharp claws hidden in their velvety sheaths. The ears are many sizes too big for the little roly-poly

babies, who are no larger at birth than a small house cat. They are unable to walk but during the second or third week begin to creep about and soon get control of their helpless legs. They are loving little fellows and readily make friends with animals of other species and humans.

The lioness is one of nature's true mothers. She watches her babies with jealous care, anticipating their wants, kissing away their childish troubles, teaching them good manners, settling their disputes and showering them with the mother love of her great big heart. Many human mothers could learn lessons worth while, lessons of patience, forbearance, gentleness and wisdom from the lioness.

Lions are clean animals. The little babies soon learn to wash their own faces and bodies and take pride in keeping themselves scrupulously clean. Can you imagine anything dearer than a little lion washing his face with his big clumsy paw? They perform their ablutions in much the same fashion as a kitten does. Shortly after birth the milk teeth appear. These are replaced between the ninth and eighteenth month by the permanent

teeth. Little lions suffer during the teething period with the same maladies young children do at that time. Colic, fever, sore gums, worms and indigestion are among the commonest of their ills. The cubs crave solid food before they lose the milk teeth. In captivity they cry for meat between the third and fourth month. Rich nourishing soup is added to their milk diet, but no raw meat is given until the sixth month. In the wild state the mother divides her kill with them when they are two months of age.

I know a little lion who has been raised on a nursing bottle. He lets me hold him in my arms and takes his bottle just as a baby does. He's a greedy little scamp and always is hungry. He can't be tempted to a nice drink of water or a bowl of soup unless it is put in the bottle. This little lion is five months old and has a bulldog for a room-mate. They love each other dearly and play games most of the time. Rough-house is their favourite game and wrestling is very popular with them. The bulldog is such a good-natured old chap. And what maulings he takes from that lion! The poor old dog lies as patiently

as can be imagined under the circumstances and lets the lion "chaw" him. Only when this one-sided game gets too hot does he try to uphold his dogship's dignity. He then proceeds to give the lion a wholesome trouncing. Then the lion locks his big fore paws around the dog's neck and with his hind feet flying at the rate of a mile a minute, proceeds to "kick the stuffing out of him." The dog looks disgusted, as much as to say, "Aw, what's the use?" Then they make it up and kiss each other and after a sleep, side by side, start it all over again.

I am personally acquainted with a young, ramping lion whose name is Pompey. He has a fleecy white lamb for a playmate. They are good pals, these two, and live harmoniously under very trying conditions. Pompey has had the toothache for a week and has held his temper during this harrowing situation. Then the dentist came and extracted the aching tooth. He bore it like the little gentleman he is, but his cries were pitiful. After it was all over, he laid his poor suffering jaw between his paws and shivered with the agony of the pain. I am glad to tell you he has

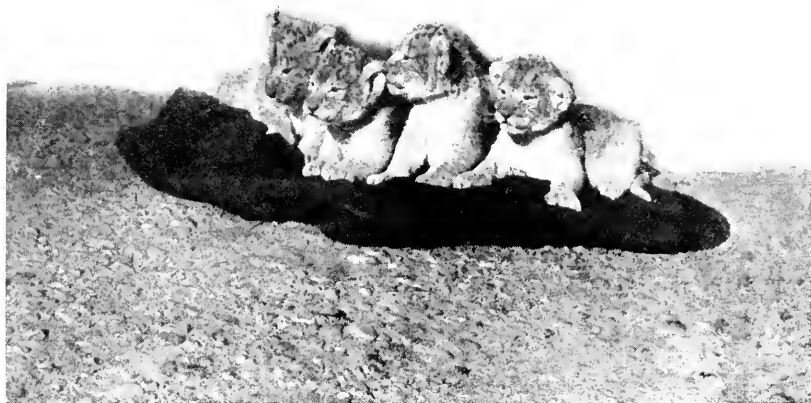


Photo by A. W. Schaad

These four fat lion cubs are out for an airing. I suppose they will have some wonderful stories to tell their mother about the birds, bees and babies they saw while out on their little lark.



Photo by A. W. Schaad

"Baby Snyder" and Baby Lions are great pals. Grandpa "Bill Snyder" taught his grandson that Lion babies are just like humans—they would much rather play, eat and sleep than do anything else in the world.

recovered and is happy again. When Pompey was three months old, long, soft, tawny hair appeared and his pretty black spots began to fade. At six months of age, the new tawny coat was so thick that only a few spots on his legs were visible. His hair is much lighter in weight than human hair. The mane of a full-grown lion is estimated to weigh about a pound and a half.

Pompey has developed a fine black tassel at the tip of his tail. Also he is developing a voice. The first expression of that noble voice was a faint "meow." But it's going to grow into that great, reverberating roar composed of two syllables "Ah-oum," which is the grandest sound in our brute creation. Pompey is proud of his voice and exercises it on the slightest provocation. He struts before his little sister, because she won't have any voice to speak of, until she is five years old, and he is very vain of his accomplishment. His voice breaks at times and ends in a plaintive "meow." He looks sheepish then and lies down in the darkest corner of his cage.

Pompey is nine months old now, a scraggly mane is sprouting on his neck and he looks quite

a fine young dandy lion. His mother will wean him in a few weeks and the little fellow will have to depend on himself and his keeper.

The memory of lions is quite remarkable. Carl Hagenbeck cites an instance which is most interesting regarding this highly developed faculty in lions. Two lions with whom Hagenbeck was well acquainted, had been taken to Bronx Park, New York. As their old friend approached their den, they stared at him. The moment he called their names, they sprang up, ran to the bars, purring loudly while he stroked and caressed them.

His old lion, "Trieste," has been in his possession eighteen years. Trieste is a performer and does many tricks. His master writes of him: "He is as tame, true and faithful as a dog. Indeed I often treat him as if he were a dog. One day last summer, I noticed with sorrow that my old friend was lame; and upon further observation, I found that he was suffering great pain. . . . I found that on each of the animal's hind feet two claws had grown into the flesh. . . . In such matters, Trieste can be treated like a sensible human being. Having been ordered to lie down,

his claws were clipped with long sharp clippers and the points drawn out. During the whole procedure, which was by no means painless, the lion kept perfectly still."

Lions love their young just as we do and can be affectionate and faithful. I think the "black sheep" among them are due to bad rearing or to having been caught after they are full-grown. I do not believe that all the bad lions are born bad.

There is no more beautiful animal than the lion. They are intelligent and loving and, if taken when young, make devoted pets.

The lion is deservedly called The King of Beasts.

CHAPTER XX
BABY MUSK OXEN



CHAPTER XX

BABY MUSK OXEN

THE Musk Ox is strictly an Arctic animal and is not to be met with below the circle. The northern part of Greenland and Grantland, the Barren Grounds east of Mackenzie River, and the Arctic Islands, north of Hudson Bay, are the homes of our musky friend. He is not handsome, but is majestic in appearance, measuring six and one-half feet long and four and one-half feet high. His hair is wavy, dark and abundant, his legs are short and post-like, and his tail so short as to be scarcely noticeable. The top of his head is covered by a pair of heavy, peculiarly shaped horns, flattened at the base. From the centre of the head they sweep downward over the sides of the skull in a graceful curve, then recurve upward. His muzzle is blunt and hairy and the eyes are honest and intelligent.

The Musk Ox has but little resemblance to

other ruminants (cud-chewing animals), except in his bison-like head.

Musk Oxen in reality are neither oxen nor sheep, nor are they closely allied to either, and are a very distinct type of the hollow horned section of the ruminants, entitled to a distinctive name of their own.

The Musk Oxen are the most exclusively Arctic of all the ruminants. Living, as they do, in the extreme north where vegetation is scanty, and the ground buried under a heavy coverlet of snow the greater part of the year, great strength, endurance and perseverance are the elements that must be possessed by this animal to take him through the bitter cold and long darkness of an Arctic winter. Nature has provided this noble creature with a heavy coat of wool beneath his long thick hair for protection from the inclement Arctic weather. Blizzards may rage and the thermometer drop to seventy degrees, but it can't freeze old Musk Ox. He is there, warm coat, big horns and all, and the north pole isn't cold enough to put an end to his existence.

One baby is the usual number in Musk Ox



Courtesy of New York Zoological Society

The Musk Ox kiddies are sturdy youngsters. Their short, thick necks, compact little bodies and postlike legs enable them to face the inclemencies of an Arctic winter and snort with glee in the teeth of a blizzard.



Permission of American Museum of Natural History

You can't "freeze out" old Musk Ox. He's right there, long hair, hoofs and horns, and he's here to stay. His breakfast is reindeer moss or lichens, and his dinner, lichens or reindeer moss, and he has to dig under the snow with his hoofs for that. You cannot freeze or starve him, for he grows fat on icicles and frozen moss.

families. He is a fat, woolly little baby, full of fun and pranks, and expressing keen enjoyment in the bleak Arctic climate. He's a square built, thick set, sturdy fellow, with a practical mind from the very beginning.

He soon learns to dig under the deep snow for lichens and Arctic mosses. He is a weather prophet too, and makes preparations against blizzards with a fore-sight uncommon in one so young. We wonder if that psychical sense is in-born or if it develops by communication from the older animals. Baby Musk Ox is wide-eyed and innocent in appearance, but he gives us such startling shocks sometimes by his deep rooted intelligence that his appearance quite belies him. He is gentle and makes a fine pet if taken when young.

The purpose of the musky odour is to enable the animals to find each other in heavy storms and during the long, dark Arctic nights. The flesh of the Musk Ox is excellent food, consequently he is hunted assiduously by the Eskimos with their wolf dogs. The skins are highly desirable for the making of clothing and robes, and the flesh is

eaten raw and sometimes cooked. When pursued by wolves, the old Musk Oxen put the babies in the centre, form a circle around them and face outward with bloodshot eyes and menacing horns. When aroused, they are a formidable company to face.

The Barren Grounds affords homes for thousands of Musk Oxen. Away back in the dim ages, the Musk Ox roamed over Europe and Asia and in North America, as far south as Kentucky, Missouri and Utah. He is not inclined to be savage unless attacked. He is of great service to the people who inhabit the Arctic countries.

CHAPTER XXI
BABY LEOPARDS

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BABY LEOPARDS

I CHRISTENED little Dick, the baby leopard I am going to tell you about. To begin with, the little fellow had a great deal to be proud of. He came into the world well-born. His father was the largest and handsomest leopard in the whole menagerie, and his mother was the sweetest tempered and best behaved animal the zoo boasted. Little Dick inherited the fine points of both parents. He is a tiny weentie mite of gold coloured fur, handsomely marked with black spots. His under parts are cream coloured, paling to white, his eyes are deep blue and helpless looking; but his mustachios bristle saucily and when annoyed he spits and shows temper. At birth he was about the size of a half-grown cat. When he was five weeks old, his mother died. Two days later, his father was sold and little Dick was left an orphan. He bore his

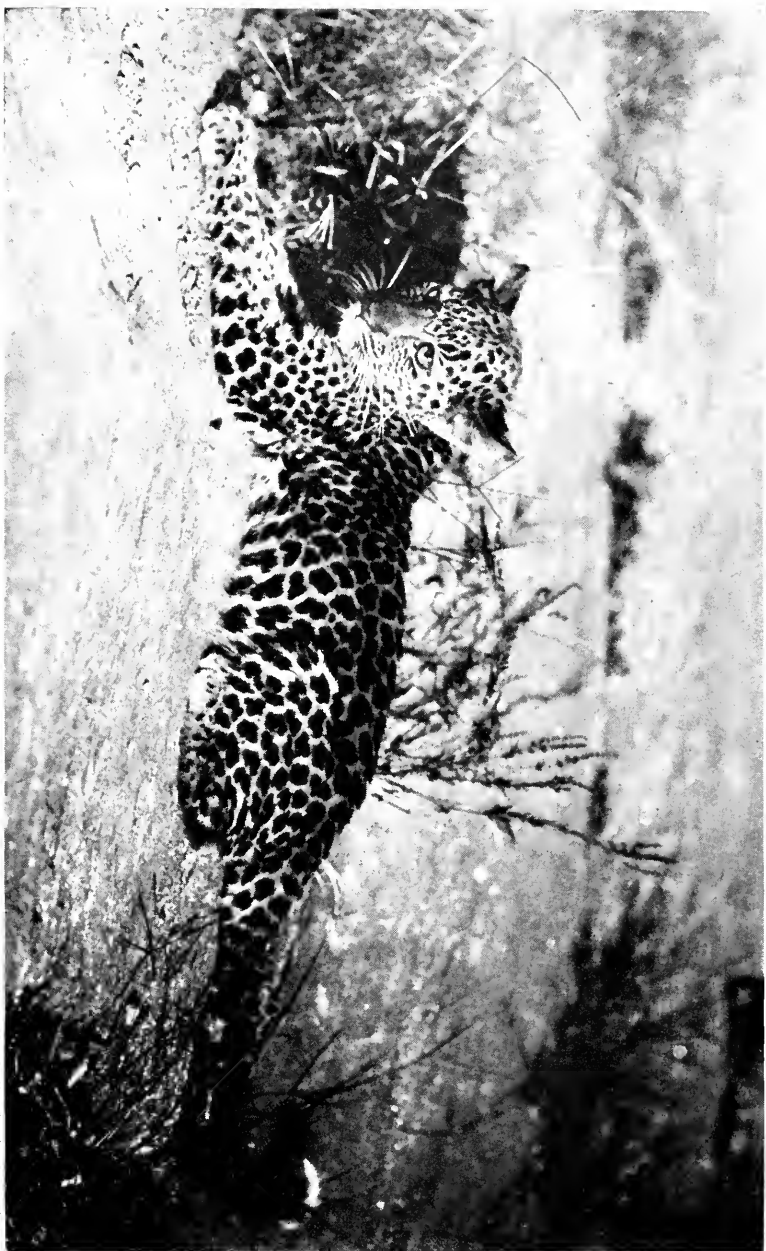
trouble bravely through the day, but as night approached, and the darkness crept in, he whimpered miserably from the corner of the big lonesome cage. His keeper was kind and gentle for he pitied the lonely little baby. So he took Dick from the cage, and wrapping him in a warm blanket, tucked him away in a little box with his nursing bottle. A cold snap came and baby Dick took a severe cold. It settled on his lungs and soon developed into pneumonia. Then the battle for the baby's life began. The terrible tightness of the lungs was relieved with molasses and turpentine. Warm milk and beaten egg were given to keep up his failing strength. The keeper took the suffering little one to his own home, and made him a bed behind the kitchen stove. After two perilous weeks, Dick won the long fight and was soon on the road to health. It wasn't long before he was running about the house and making more noise than the whole family put together. He liked to climb up on the bed and sleep on the pillow beside his master. Ah! but those were glorious days!—spent romping with the children, having the run of the whole house, and so many

delicious things to eat. It was no wonder his cheeks grew round and his sides puffed out. Then the tabby cat became friendly with him. At first she had been inclined to be a bit jealous, but the pitiful condition of the poor little beastie softened her heart and she decided to be friendly with him. Anyway, Tab was a good sport, and divided her milk with him. He took advantage of her good nature and drank it all. A sound cuff from Tabby's good right paw awoke him to the realisation that she refused to be imposed upon by him or any other four-legged creature. So Dick became careful about displaying his faults, became better mannered, and developed a wholesome respect for Tabby. One fine day he was pronounced cured and taken back to the menagerie. He had improved so much in his personal appearance the animals scarcely recognised him. Dick could hardly believe his senses when he saw three baby lions in the adjoining cage. They certainly were interesting to look at in their spotted coats, almost like Dick's own. They were not half his age, but were larger than he and fat as butter balls. The little lions were friendly and

trusting. One fellow slipped a clumsy paw through the bars and wanted to play. Dick responded to his greeting and soon they were enjoying pleasant games together. It wasn't a bit lonesome after the lions came. They were the jolliest lot of fellows and there was something doing every minute.

Dick has developed a terrible fondness for meat. His gluttony for this particular article of diet has nearly cost him his life on several occasions. He won't chew his meat, he bolts it whole and the wad sticks in his throat and strangles him. Only the skill of his keeper saves him at these dangerous periods. The keeper jumps into his den and rubs the offending lump down his throat into his stomach. Dick is fifteen months old now, and really knows better. I fear for his life if the keeper should be a few minutes late some time.

This leopard loves to roll balls. He has several in his cage, and can roll them all at one time. He is really quite a juggler. This feat excites the little lions who can roll only one ball at a time. They don't realise that Dick is twice their age, much nimbler, and more certain.



Courtesy of New York Zoological Society
"Little Dick," this baby leopard, is evidently plotting some mischief for his paws are twitching and the tip of his long tail quivering. However, his eyes look very innocent and that is why I am most suspicious of his good intentions.

Leopards are found in both Asia and Africa. They belong to the big cat family, and rank third in size to the lion and the tiger, measuring about two feet high and four feet long. They are remarkable for their grace of movement and beauty of skin, which is a beautiful pale yellow, mottled with handsome black spots. They are good tree climbers. The snow leopard, or Ounce, is one of the most beautiful animals in the world.

The black leopard looks exactly like a big black cat with glittering, green eyes.

From one to four babies are born at a time. They are inclined to be friendly with man and animals of different species. Leopards often make devoted pets, and I know several animal trainers who have received life-long devotion from their pet leopards. There are vicious ones, of course, but most of them are worthy of consideration and respect.

The habits of little leopards in the wild state are much the same as those of the kittens of our domestic cats would be if they had not been handled by mankind. They are loving and playful with each

other but shy and timid of other creatures, whom they distrust.

The cheetah, or hunting leopard of India, is a most remarkable animal. He is half dog-like in aspect, having non-retractile claws, the jaw square, the forehead high and full and the eyes of a deep golden brown. The cheetah is employed by the nobles of India to hunt with, in the same manner as the sportsmen of our country use dogs.

The jaguar of America is a first cousin to the leopard. He is larger and heavier than the leopard and the rings of black that adorn his golden skin contain a black spot in the centre that gives it the appearance of a rosette. All the Leopards are fascinating in their grace and skill.

CHAPTER XXII
BABY MOOSE



CHAPTER XXII

BABY MOOSE

OF the ruminants (cud-chewing animals), none is so majestic as the Moose. He is the largest of the deer family, and has the most common sense.

Whenever we hear his name, we feel a thrill of romance steal through us, for we have all heard of the moose's love of conquest; and the terrific fights waged by these huge animals have been topics for the hunters as they smoked and spun yarns in the glow of the campfires.

There is no cowardice in this heroic fellow's disposition. He is game to the finish.

The Alaska Moose engaged in combat is indeed a spectacle. These huge creatures often fight to the death. The only way to end these battles sensibly is for the vanquished party to take to flight. A favourite way hunters have for calling the moose is to roll a piece of birch bark

about eighteen inches long into the shape of a trumpet and imitate the call of his kind. Mr. Moose, hearing the call, rushes in the direction of the sound. The poor fellow is often shot, thus lured into close proximity to his enemies.

The moose loves the water and is a fine swimmer. He enjoys wading, and spends much of the summer time in the water, swimming and browsing in the water plants. So baby moose spends his first summer, enjoying nature, finding out what is good to eat and what is to be left alone, growing like the proverbial weed, and getting acquainted with life.

His sense of smell develops, and affords him protection from savage beasts; he learns to be on the alert for trouble and to flee before forest fires and avalanches. The babies make their appearance in April or May. One and sometimes two babies are the usual number. They are a soft, sandy brown in colour and unspotted. Their pretty little bodies are perched on long, awkward, stilt-like legs. The face has a quizzical expression and the ears are soft and velvety. The neck is so short and legs so long, that the little fellow

has to kneel to put his nose on the ground. Altogether, baby moose is a cunning little fellow, blest with a head full of sound sense.

He learns to mind his own business during the first year of his existence, and not to meddle with any one while his sprouting horns are but knobs an inch long. If his antlers are injured at this tender age, they would never be normal and he would have to go handicapped through life.

A little moose looks like some beautiful toy. His mother takes good care of him and does not show him off to the forest folk. She knows that it is much wiser to keep him hidden as much as possible and does not tell any jealous neighbours about her treasure.

During his early infancy she hides him in a thicket, while she wanders the forest in search of food. The little fellow gets lonely waiting for her return. In his own baby way he thinks dim, formless thoughts, as the long hours roll by. Pretty soon he hears her soft hoofbeats and he jumps up and welcomes her with a little bleat. When he is older, she takes him with her when she travels. It is wonderful to walk beside her,

while she picks her food. Life isn't all sunshine—there are troublesome mosquitoes and gnats; and the moose doesn't like that any better than we do. By Fall he gets sleek and round, his antlers have budded, and he is very proud.

Young moose have been taken by hunters and trappers and tamed. They make delightful pets and are as docile as calves.

A baby moose is an inquisitive little creature. The ways of the world interest him and he is curious to find the ins and outs of life.

The universe is such a wonderful place to live in! The green woods a perfect fairy's bower, and cool water such a wonderful drink when one is hot and thirsty, the water lilies so sweet to taste and the fresh green leaves so satisfying. Then, when the twilight creeps over the bright green world, it is such fun to follow Mother Moose to a sheltered spot, cuddle close to her warm flank, and watch the stars like daisy blossoms peep out one by one, until the dark blue sky is studded like a fairy's crown. With the starshine comes a long, wonderful sleep.

From the thicket pipes the black bird, telling

the wood folk to get up, for the sun is rising and will soon be in sight. "Moosie" shakes himself to get the sleep out of his eyes and follows his mother to the lake for their morning bath. In they plunge. The baby is a good swimmer for a little tot, and takes kindly to the water. Mother starts for the opposite shore, but as they round the bend the man smell is blown sharply into her nostrils. She wheels softly and guides her offspring back and away to safety. He learns at a tender age that the man and the bear smell are to be strictly avoided.

Old Bear is one of the Moose's worst enemies. He watches his chance to catch the little fellow when his mother isn't looking. She would fight to the death for her baby and he knows it. Blows from her sharp hooves are apt to be fatal. So Old Bear avoids contact with her. He'd break the little fellow's back if he got a chance. He rolls his little red-rimmed eyes and his mouth waters as he watches the pretty brown baby playing in the sunshine.

During the second year our moose is a great

deal more aggressive. His horns are a foot long and he is quite an imposing young animal.

He likes to push and butt other yearlings and try his strength on various objects. His muscles are important, and he longs to use them. When he reaches his third year, he is a formidable looking animal with big shoulders and head and spreading antlers. The females have no antlers. Every year he will lose his antlers and they will be replaced by larger and finer ones. This is the natural order of things in Mooseland, but the Moose seems as surprised as any one when this function occurs.

The Moose is a forest animal. It is found from the shores of the Arctic ocean to the Columbia River and eastward. It extends from latitude 65° southward through the provinces of New Brunswick, Quebec and Nova Scotia into Northern Maine. The voice is a deep, full bawl, ending in three or four short grunts.

A full grown male is as high as a horse. They have been known to reach seven feet at the shoulders.

His distinctive features are long ears—a long



With his long ears, horse-like nose and little sandy body perched atop his long silt legs he certainly is a comical looking young Moose. And *can't* he run!

Courtesy of New York Zoological Society

upper lip, which is well fitted for browsing, long hairy muzzle, except for a triangular bare spot in front of the nostrils, a dewlap or "bell" on the neck, a mere stub of a tail and an enormous head and antlers. In colour he is blackish brown, shading lighter below—but his coat in midsummer is of a somewhat different hue. It is tawny, shading to yellowish on the underparts. His high shoulders and low hind quarters give him an awkward, shuffling gait. His hearing is remarkable. His diet consists of willow twigs and leaves, small branches of the striped maple, water-lilies and aquatic plants. He is very fond of the aspen, birch, maple and hemlock foliage.

In winter, moose herd together, and sometimes several herds unite and tread the snow into what the hunters call "Moose yards."

They are steady and affectionate, and have more sense than other deer. They are easily handled and can be driven in harness, in captivity.

Old Moose cuts a comical figure when running. He straddles his hind legs to avoid tripping over his front feet.

They keep out of deep snow as much as pos-

sible, for they do not run well in it, and fall victims to their enemies, the wolves.

The moose is the largest cud-chewing animal on the North American continent. He is noble and beautiful and worthy of the best protection we can give him.

We want to keep him with us, and not have him exterminated by "game hogs," as were the bison. Such noble animals are a credit to creation. The now extinct Irish Elk was of the Moose family.

CHAPTER XXIII
BABY PORCUPINES

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BABY PORCUPINES

THERE is something pathetic about a Porcupine. He asks so little of the world in which he lives, taking the plain necessities without even a glance at the luxuries; and he is such a delightful back-woods old codger. I always feel a thrill of sympathy when I look into his dear old face for all the world like a little, old man's, who is half stupid, half sorrowful and altogether wistful.

He seems to have been born old. He walks so slowly, with bent head and little black eyes looking up timidly from under his overhanging grizzly brows.

I think he is the least quarrelsome of our wild animals. Porky is never aggressive. If a fight is started you can depend upon it that somebody started it besides our prickly friend; but if any one is looking for trouble he can get all he wants

and then some from this old codger. Porky is a strong lad on the defensive.

When attacked, he rolls himself into a ball with every one of his needle-like quills standing upright, while his tender nose is hidden safely between his stout paws. In this state he resembles an over-ripe chestnut burr, and woe betide the assailant who is foolish enough to attack a thoroughly aroused porcupine.

Few dogs have sense enough to let him alone, and even the clever puma and lynx are foolhardy enough to insist on making a meal off our friend in times of stress. A lynx was found dead with a porcupine quill thrust through his eye, the point of which had entered his brain, causing instant death.

The porcupine cannot throw his quills, as many suppose. Each quill is minutely barbed and it adheres viciously to whatever comes in contact with it. Those tenacious quills thickly sown in the tender mouth of a creature prohibit eating and drinking and a horrible death awaits the unfortunate victim from hunger and thirst.

The porcupine is a denizen of the woods. He

rarely leaves his woodland home for the fields unless there be some choice tid-bit in the way of tender lily pads in a nearby pond or a tasty morsel that will lure him from his leafy retreat.

He is unknown on our western prairies. His home is usually a hollow hemlock or spruce.

In this cosy little home the babies first see the light of day in the early spring. They range from one to three in number, and are very large, husky youngsters, covered all over with soft, furry, dark brown hair. Their eyes are open from the first minute of their earthly existence.

Our baby porcupine is actually larger than a new-born bear cub who is a diminutive little fellow. Mrs. Porcupine is very proud of her big baby. She is very careful of him and takes great care lest some of the ferocious forest neighbours see him.

After his quills are well grown she gives him more freedom for she knows he is well able to take care of himself. The baby grows rapidly. After a short time long hairs tipped with yellow push up through the thick fur and later the quills begin to make themselves known. His

orange coloured teeth lengthen and we realise that he is fast becoming a very formidable little beastie. He is able now to waddle down to the pond as fast as his short, stumpy legs will carry him, and by clutching a half-submerged log, feast on the tender lily pads.

I stroked the back of a tame baby porcupine the other day, but I didn't feel any quills pushing through yet. This little fellow is three months old and very friendly. I gave him some green leaves and a red crab apple which he proceeded to stuff into his funny little mouth. He sat up neatly on his haunches and holding the apple in his little paws, gnawed it with his four yellow chisels as a baby might.

His track in the snow looks quite a bit like a baby's foot-prints, and his voice—(bless his little heart!)—well, I won't say it's very musical, but it's full of vitality. He squeals up and down the scale regardless of rhyme or rhythm in a frenzy of enjoyment that's all his very own. No one outside his own species could possibly understand it. Its very harshness expresses quills and claws and orange chisel teeth.



Courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History

Dear Prickly Porky seems to have been born old. He reminds me of a little old man who is half sad, half timid, and altogether wistful. He cannot throw his quills, as has been said of him, but, when attacked, rolls himself in a ball, every wonderful quill on end, so that he resembles an over-ripe chestnut burr. Note the Baby Porky in the lower right hand corner.



Albinos are rare among porkies. I knew of one which was in central Maine a few seasons back. It was milk-white in colour, with white quills and deep ruby-coloured eyes.

I recently read an authentic report that albino porcupines are both blind and deaf. This is not at all surprising as albinos are freaks of nature, and we could hardly expect them to be perfectly natural and normal.

The porcupine is probably the safest from starvation of any of our woodland friends. He can eat anything from green leaves and tender plants to the little twigs and bark of our ever-green trees. Summer or winter, his larder is full. The lynx, wolves, carabou and moose may suffer during the long frozen winter; but the little Porky has only to climb the nearest tree and get busy with the eternal bark supply.

His teeth in themselves are an institution, two chisels in the lower and two in the upper jaw. These are flanked on either side by the powerful molars. Like other rodents (gnawing animals), his teeth keep right on growing as long as he lives. Only his constant gnawing keeps the teeth

at their proper length; else they would grow too long and cause his death, by forcing his jaws so far apart that he could not use them.

“The name, porcupine, is a corruption of the old French *porc espin*, meaning spring pig. The central family of porcupines is divided into two branches, Old World or terrestrial and New World or arboreal. The South American tree porcupines are better adapted for tree climbing than the Canadian species. They are smaller, have short, many coloured spines and a long tapering tail (prehensile).” (Ingersoll.)

The Canadian porcupine is a nocturnal prowler. He sleeps by day, travels, eats and plays by night and does not hibernate. He is found as far north as Alaska. The food of the Eastern Canadian Porcupine consists of the bark and leaves of the bass wood, sugar maple, slippery elm and ash, barks, seeds and berries. In the West the cottonwood seems to be a favourite with him. The African Porcupine is larger than the American animal.

The quills of the old world porcupine are striped alternately black and white. The flesh

of the Canadian Porcupine is eaten by Indians and trappers. The quills are used to ornament their clothing after first being dyed bright colours.

The average weight of a full-grown porcupine is about twenty pounds. Some of them attain a weight of thirty or thirty-five pounds. The Porcupine is twice as large as the woodchuck.

In Alaska and North-western Canada the Porcupine is not shot. He is the only wild animal that can be killed with a club and is left unmolested for the purpose of sustaining the starving man who is unlucky enough to have lost his gun or run out of ammunition.

Don't kill the Porcupine for pastime. He does mankind no harm, nor does he destroy property. He has his place in the Divine Scheme of Life and we have no business to destroy his earthly existence.



CHAPTER XXIV
BABY PUMAS

CHAPTER XXIV

BABY PUMAS

MY acquaintance with Pumas began when I was a little girl of six years.

At that time we lived in a log cabin perched high like an eagle's nest in the aerie heights of the grim Sierra Nevadas.

The wild animals were very plentiful and of many varieties.

Grizzly and black bears, wildcats, wolves, coyotes, and mountain lions or Pumas, were abundant.

The lakes abounded in many varieties of beautiful water fowl and many different kinds of fish. My brother was the crack fisherman of the family and kept our table well supplied with the finny fellows. We had a few domestic fowls. The prize pair were two fine, handsome turkeys. We were very proud of them and the day that we discovered our hen turkey had built herself a nest

in a hollow tree and had laid eighteen beautiful speckled eggs, we were indeed a happy lot of youngsters.

Each day we ran up the mountain side to the old hollow tree and took a peep at Mrs. Turkey sitting contentedly on her nest and each night at bed time we speculated on the colour, size and texture of the forthcoming baby turkeys.

At the end of the second week, my father soberly apprised us of the fact that some wild animal had been to the nest in the old hollow tree and had devoured Mrs. Turkey and eaten all the eggs. We were so horrified we did not dare go near the empty nest, and for several days, we mourned in secret for our beloved bird. Father "guessed" it was a coyote, but there was no way of telling, for the ground was too rocky to be impressed by tracks.

Several days later, one of Dainty's (my pet hen) chickens got lost. I could hear the faint "peep peep" away yonder in the brush, so I took up the trail and followed the sound. It brought me to some tangled brush and a fallen log. I peeped into the old log and there lay two spotted kittens,

blind and helpless, and their little tails striped with many black rings.

I knew I had stumbled into the lair of some wild animal and I ran home as fast as my short legs would carry me, but not before I had taken a horrified look at a heap of turkey feathers lying beside the log.

Luckily the lady of the house was out when I called. The lost chicken found his own way home. I didn't trouble about looking for him any more.

The Puma babies arrive about the first of May. Usually they are from two to four in number. They are spotted and ring-tailed like the little fellows I have described in the hollow log.

The eyes open before the ninth day. Their pretty black spots and markings usually disappear by the sixth month, leaving them fawn grey in colour.

The pretty tawny coat is set off by a patch of white on either side of the muzzle and black lips. About the 18th or 20th day the milk teeth appear and the Puma babies get ready for a little bite of solid food. Mother Puma weans them between

the third and fourth month and the babies learn to depend on game for sustenance.

Beetles, snails, toads and small creatures are their "huckleberry" during the first few months of their existence, but it's not long before they can stalk a rabbit, a gopher or a ground hog.

They roll, growl and worry their prey just as the kittens of the back yard do.

They are frolicsome fellows, full of fun and alert every minute they are awake. When mother brings home a delicacy, they purr their delight and lick her face with their red, rough tongues in dumb appreciation; but when they are disappointed, they cry like children. At two years of age, they are pretty well grown and are very dignified Pumas. Their foreheads are full and broad and they look quite learned.

Master Puma is very fond of fishing.

Sometimes he goes fishing and succeeds in catching them alive. He is a good all round sport and a great fellow for tree climbing. He can climb a tree, ensconce himself comfortably on a limb and laugh himself sick at a raging Grizzly.

Sometimes he goes bird nesting and eats all the



Courtesy of New York Zoological Society

Baby Puma is a darling little kitty and loves his bottle just as all babies do.



"Mike," of Central Park Zoological Gardens

"Mike" was as loving and gentle as a kitten until an ogre in human shape burnt his nose with a lighted match. That act of cruelty soured his disposition. I don't wonder; do you?

birds' eggs he can lay his paws on. He hunts both day and night.

This big American cat has a good disposition and can be easily tamed; but if anything occurs in his early youth to sour his temper, he rarely becomes sweetened afterward. I know a Puma named "Mike," who seemed to love everybody in his youth, but an ogre in human shape burned his nose with a lighted match, and he has been embittered ever since. You can hardly blame him. I don't.

The Puma is found from Canada to the straits of Magellan.

They are often called Cougar, Panther and Mountain Lion.

They are well liked by the gauchos of the Argentine, who call them a name meaning "the friend of man."

They often follow people out of curiosity, but I know of no instance where they have attacked man. My father drove a heavy wagon drawn by two horses a distance of forty miles through the mountains one bright moonlight night. His des-

tion was the cemetery and his mission to inter a deceased member of the family. Two Pumas came out of the woods and followed the team with its gruesome passenger over half the way; but they did not offer to attack.

The Puma is a jolly fellow; he is usually full of high spirits and playful tricks.

Next to the jaguar he is the largest cat in the western hemisphere.

His food is pigs, deer, sheep, rabbits and smaller animals.

He dreads man and gives him a wide berth.

He is handsome and graceful and not terrifying like the jaguar.

CHAPTER XXV
BABY GIRAFFES



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BABY GIRAFFES

I HAD long desired to meet a baby giraffe, but it seemed that the gratification of that wish was going to be a long, long way off. Giraffes are so rare in captivity, one is fortunate to see even a full grown specimen; but a baby in captivity is almost as rare as the famous Kohinoor diamond.

My lucky day came when I received a letter from Barnum and Bailey's circus, inviting me to call and get acquainted with the new baby giraffe. It is hardly necessary to add that I cancelled all engagements, donned my hat and coat in double quick time and started for the menagerie of "The greatest show on earth."

Julia, the splendid Nubian giraffe, was serenely exhibiting her treasure.

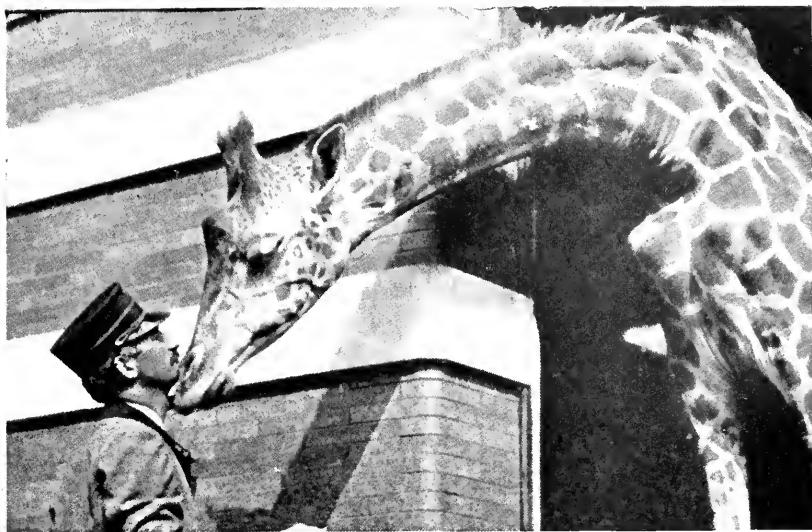
He lay on a bed of clean straw—a handsome bundle of spots. With a little encouragement,

he rose and wobbled around, using his hooves gingerly.

His neck was not very long. The neck does not lengthen to any great extent until the animal enters his second year. This little fellow was four feet high at birth. His pretty body was pale yellow, nicely flecked with dark brown spots.

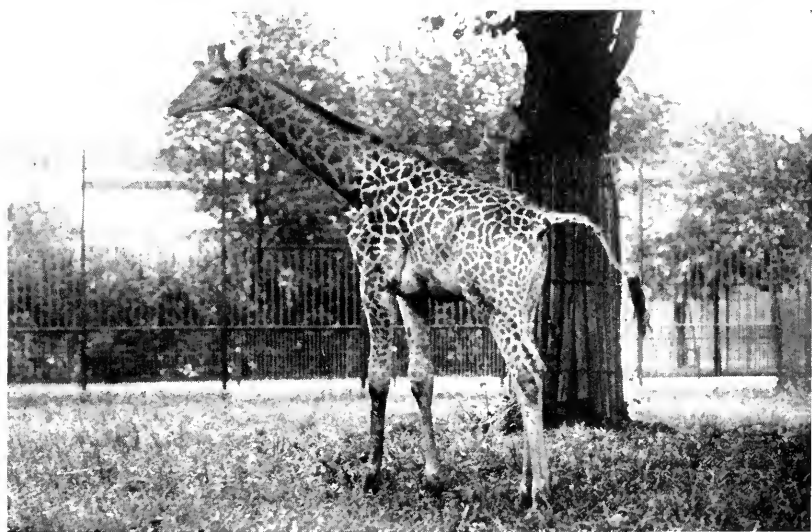
The eyes were lustrous and inquiring, and the ears good sized for the little head. Altogether he was one of the most interesting creatures it had been my good fortune to meet, and very lively for one so young. He walked when he was two hours old. I became a daily visitor at the menagerie. Julia and her baby got to know me and trust me.

She would bend her head, poised daintily on her long neck, and look at me curiously. She couldn't express herself very clearly, for giraffes have no voices. They are quite dumb, and incapable of making the slightest sound. Serious accidents have happened on account of this inability to utter sound. Five magnificent animals were burned in their stalls, when the slightest noise would have brought aid.



After New York Zoological Society Bulletin

This keeper can dispute the farmer who said, "There ain't no sich animal," for he has been kissed by this giraffe many, many times. He says her kisses are just as "real" as the human variety.



Courtesy of New York Zoological Society

With a neck like the periscope of a submarine, this baby Giraffe commands a wide angle of vision on the affairs of Life. She is "But a lassie yet," and stands only twelve feet tall, but she will be twenty feet high when she is a young lady and can "look down" on some people.



They are gentle and docile creatures. When pursued they seek safety in flight, but when cornered these huge, awkward fellows can let go a shower of kicks from their nimble heels that will beat back even the foolhardiest pursuers.

They travel in small herds of from five to thirty animals. Their hearing is very acute and their eyes, of a beautiful brightness, are wide set and command a very wide angle of vision. The small head, planted on the long, towering, slim neck, which acts as an observatory, makes it very difficult to approach them.

The giraffe is the tallest of quadrupeds. It is a native of Africa, formerly found from India to the Cape of Good Hope. Never abundant, it is now almost extinct south of the Zambesi river. It feeds on small twigs and leaves of trees, the favourite food being the leaves of the Mimosa tree. The characteristic features are: Extremely long neck, little head, surmounted by skin-covered horns, tipped with bristles; long upper lip, great height of fore parts, body short and sloping to the lower hindquarters, finished by a long, thin tail that hangs nearly to the

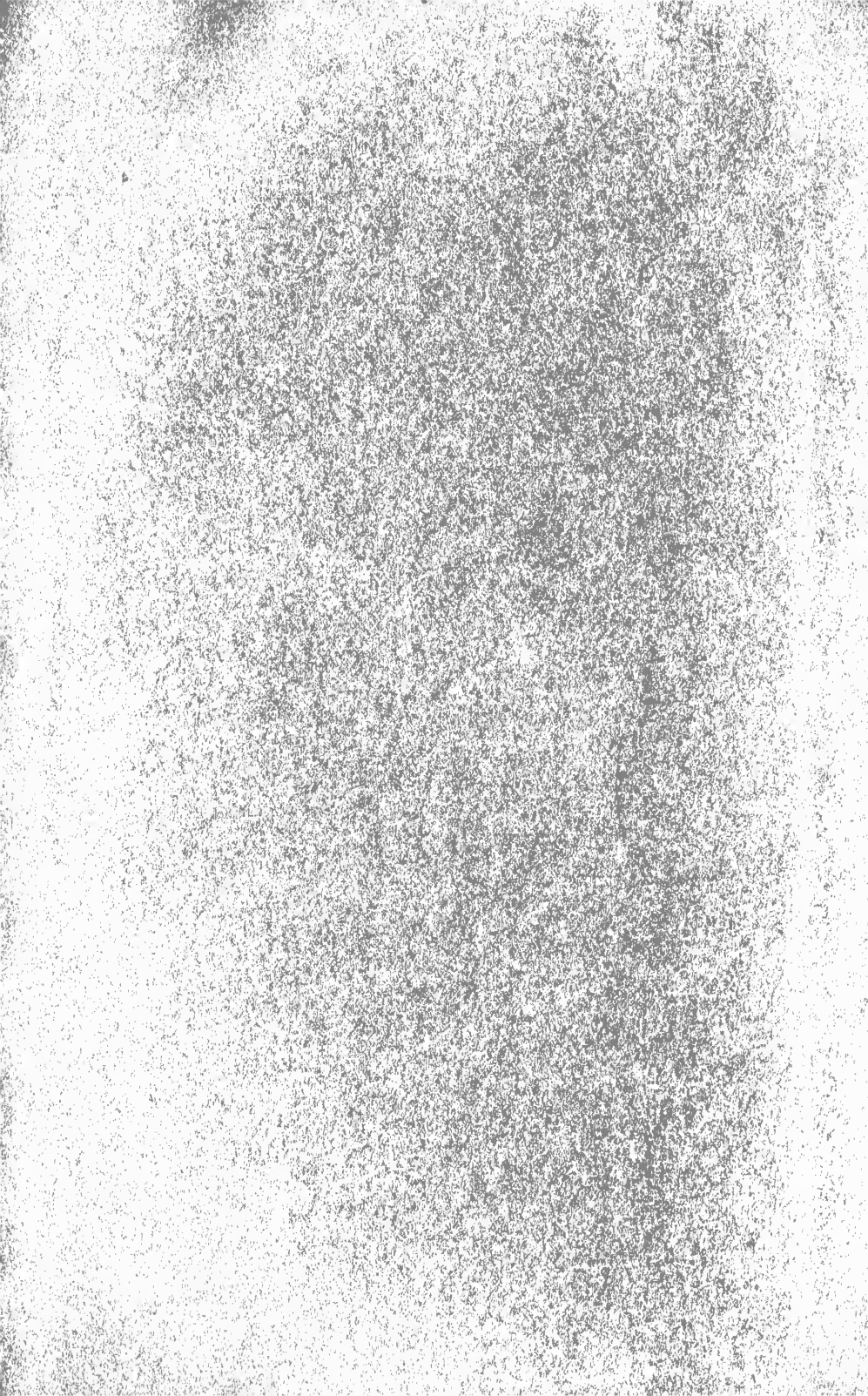
ground. The neck contains only seven vertebræ. Each one is elongated. The legs are long and slender; the feet are cloven hooves. A short, thin mane decorates the stovepipe neck and there is a callosity (a callus) on the breast. The hair of the Nubian giraffe is short, smooth and fawn colour, decked with dark, rusty spots.

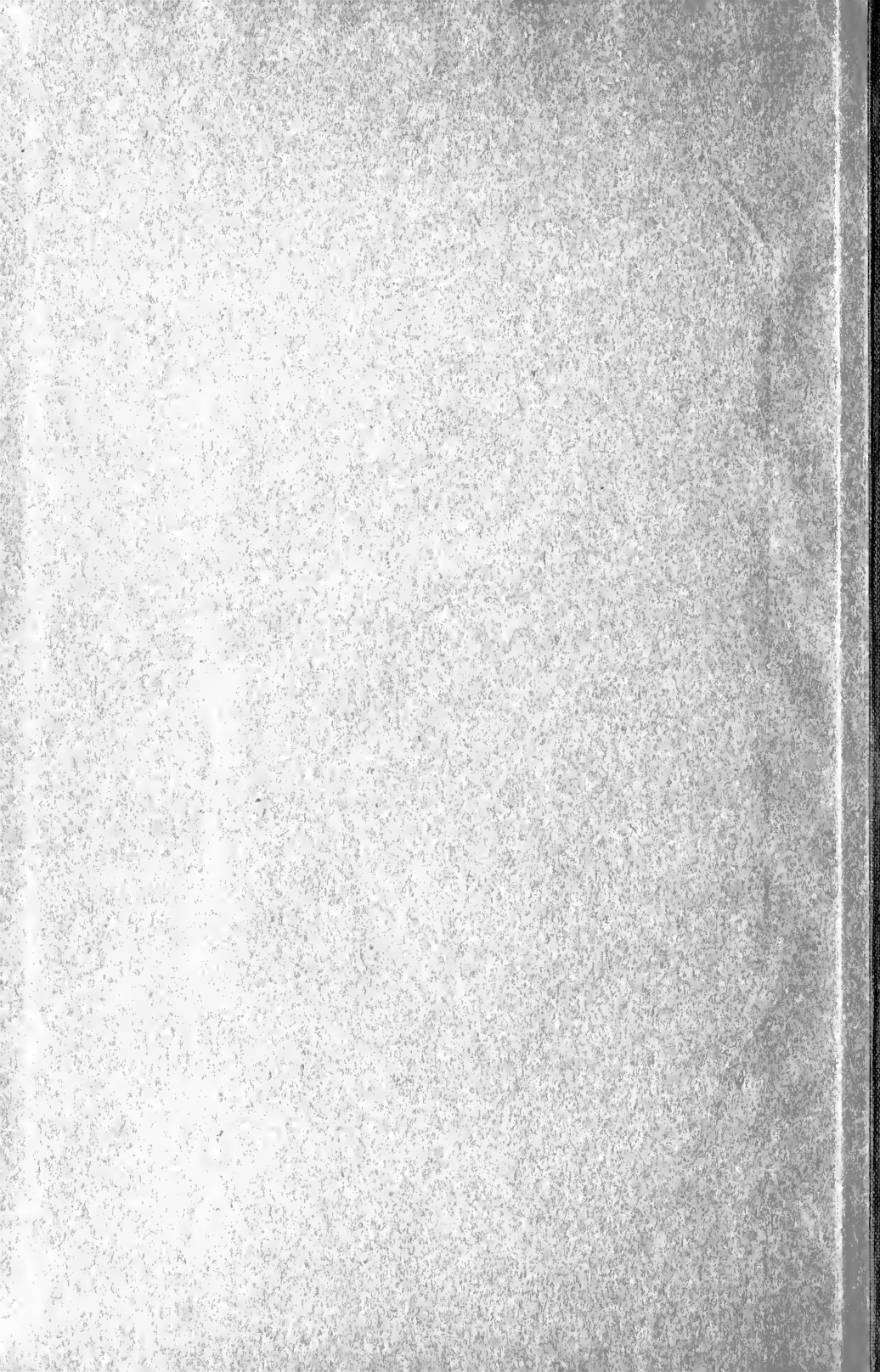
The pace is a gallop, the hind feet reaching ahead and astride of the fore feet. The giraffe is so tall and unyielding it is compelled to straddle the fore legs to drink or graze. It is a comical sight, I assure you, to see this long fellow take a drink. The tongue is very long (about 17 inches) and very flexible.

The Somali giraffe is smaller and of a deep red colour, marked by a coarse network of fine white lines.

The giraffe is inoffensive, timid and a clean animal. They are among the rarest and most valuable animals in captivity. They thrive well with proper care and are affectionate. They belong to a distinct family of ruminants (cud-chewing animals) called Giraffadæ. The Giraffe and the Okapi are the only members of this family.







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